THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES THOMSON.

WITH HIS LAST

CORRECTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

FROM THE ROYAL QUARTO EDITION OF 1762.

He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
No party his benevolence confin'd,
No sect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.—
Such was the Man—the Poet well you know:
Oft' has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe:—
For his chaste Muse employ'd her heav'n-taught lyre,
None but the noblest passions to inspire:
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.—

PROL. TO CORIOL.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY Fry AND Couchman, MOORFIELDS.

Anno 1787.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES THOMSON.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

BRITANNIA,
LIBERTY,
CASTLE OF INDOLENCE,
ODES,
SONGS,
HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

&c. &c. &c.

These, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.—
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent.—
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown! tempest o'er tempest roll'd! &c.

HYMN.

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BRITANNIA:

A POEM.

> —Et tantas audetis tollere moles?
> Quos ego—ſed motos praeſtat componere fluctus.
> Poſt mihi non ſimili poena commiſſa luetis.
> Maturate fugam, regique haec dicite veſtro:
> Non illi imperium pelagi, ſaevumque tridentem,
> Sed mihi ſorte datum.— Virg.

As on the ſea-beat ſhore Britannia ſat,
Of her degenerate ſons the faded fame
Deep in her anxious heart revolving ſad,
Bare was her throbbing boſom to the gale,
That hoarſe and hollow from the bleak ſurge blew;
Looſe flow'd her treſſes, rent her azure robe.
Hung o'er the deep, from her majeſtic brow
She tore the laurel, and ſhe tore the bay;
Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek,
Nor ceas'd her ſobs to murmur to the main.
Peace diſcontented nigh, departing, ſtretch'd
Her dove-like wing; and War, tho' greatly rous'd,
Yet mourns his fetter'd hands; while thus the Queen
Of Nations ſpoke, and what ſhe ſaid the Muſe
Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verſe.
  Even not yon' ſail, that from the ſky-mixt wave
Dawns on the ſight, and wafts the Royal youth *,
A freight of future glory, to my ſhore;

* Frederick Prince of Wales, then lately arrived.

Even not the flattering view of golden days,
And riſing periods yet of bright renown,
Beneath the Parents, and their endleſs line
Thro' late revolving time, can ſooth my rage,
While, unchaſtis'd, the inſulting Spaniard dares
Infeſt the trading flood, full of vain war
Deſpiſe my navies, and my merchants ſeize,
As, truſting to falſe peace, they fearleſs roam
The world of waters wild, made by the toil
And liberal blood of glorious ages mine;
Nor burſts my ſleeping thunder on their head.
Whence this unwonted patience? this weak doubt?
This tame beſeeching of rejected peace?
This meek forbearance? this unnative fear,
To generous Britons never known before?
And ſail'd my fleets for this, on Indian tides
To float, unactive, with the veering winds?
The mockery of war! while hot Diſeaſe,
And Sloth diſtemper'd, ſwept off burning crowds
For action ardent, and, amid the deep,
Inglorious ſunk them in a wat'ry grave.
There now they lie beneath the rolling flood,
Far from their friends, and country unaveng'd,
And back the drooping war-ſhip comes again,
Diſpirited, and thin, her ſons aſham'd
Thus idly to review their native ſhore,
With not one glory ſparkling in their eye,
One triumph on their tongue. A paſſenger

The violated merchant comes along,
That far sought wealth, for which the noxious gale
He drew, and swate beneath Equator suns,
By lawless force detain'd; a force that soon
Would melt away, and every spoil resign,
Were once the British Lion heard to roar.
Whence is it that the proud Iberian thus,
In their own well-asserted element,
Dares rouze to wrath the masters of the main?
Who told him that the big incumbent war
Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling ports
In smoky ruin? and his guilty stores,
Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,
Yet unaton'd, sunk in the swallowing deep,
Or led the glittering prize into the Thames?
  There was a time (oh let my languid sons
Resume their spirit at the rouzing thought!)
When all the pride of Spain, in one dread fleet,
Swell'd o'er the lab'ring surge, like a whole heaven
Of clouds, wide roll'd before the boundless breeze,
Gaily the splendid armament along
Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,
As sunk the sun o'er all the flaming Vast;
Tall, gorgeous, and elate, drunk with the dream
Of easy conquest; while their bloated War,
Stretch'd out from sky to sky, the gathered force
Of ages held in its capacious womb:
But soon, regardless of the cumbrous pomp,

My dauntleſs Britons came, a gloomy Few!
With tempeſt black the goodly ſcene deform'd,
And laid their glory waſte. The bolts of Fate
Reſiſtleſs thundered thro' their yielding ſides;
Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame;
And, ſeiz'd in horrid graſp, or ſhatter'd wide
Amid the mighty waters, deep they ſunk.
Then, too, from every promontory chill,
Rank fen, and cavern, where the wild wave works,
I ſwept confederate winds, and ſwell'd a ſtorm.
Round the glad iſle, ſnatch'd by the vengeful blaſt,
The ſcattered remnants drove; on the blind ſhelve
And pointed rock, that marks th' indented ſhore,
Relentleſs daſh'd, where loud the northern main
Howls thro' the fractur'd Caledonian iſles.
Such were the dawnings of my wat'ry reign;
But ſince how vaſt it grew, how abſolute,
Even in thoſe troubled times, when dreadful Blake
Aw'd angry nations with the Britiſh name,
Let every humbled ſtate, let Europe ſay,
Suſtain'd and balanc'd by my naval arm.
Ah! what muſt thoſe immortal ſpirits think
Of your poor ſhifts? thoſe, for their country's good,
Who fac'd the blackeſt danger, knew no fear,
No mean ſubmiſſion, but commanded peace?
Ah! how with indignation muſt they burn?
(If aught but joy can touch ethereal breaſts)
With ſhame, with grief, to ſee their feeble ſons

Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd ſeas
For which their wiſdom plann'd, their councils glow'd,
And their veins bled, thro' many a toiling age.
Oh! firſt of human bleſſings, and ſupreme,
Fair Peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
By whoſe wide tie the kindred ſons of men
Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
And unſuſpicious faith; while honeſt Toil
Gives every joy, and to thoſe joys a right,
Which idle barbarous Rapine but uſurps.
Pure is thy reign, when, unaccurs'd by blood,
Nought ſave the ſweetneſs of indulgent ſhowers,
Trickling, diſtils into the vernant glebe;
Inſtead of mangled carcaſſes, ſad-ſeen,
When the blithe ſheaves lie ſcattered o'er the field;
When only ſhining ſhares, the crooked Knife,
And hooks, imprint the vegetable wound;
When the land bluſhes with the roſe alone,
The falling fruitage and the bleeding vine.
Oh, Peace! thou ſource and ſoul of ſocial life,
Beneath whoſe calm inſpiring influence
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And ſwelling Commerce opens all her ports:
Bleſt be the man divine who gives us thee!
Who bids the Trumpet huſh his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
Who ſheaths the murderous blade; the deadly gun
Into the well-pil'd armoury returns!

And, every vigour from the work of death
To grateful induſtry converting, makes
The country flouriſh, and the city ſmile.
Unviolated, him the virgin ſings,
And him the ſmiling mother to her train:
Of him the ſhepherd, in the peaceful dale,
Chaunts; and, the treaſures of his labour ſure,
The huſbandman of him, as at the plough
Or team he toils. With him the ſailor ſooths,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;
And the full city, warm, from ſtreet to ſtreet,
And ſhop to ſhop, reſponſive, rings of him.
Nor joys one land alone; his praiſe extends
Far as the ſun rolls the diffuſive day;
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of Peace,
Till all the happy nations catch the ſong.
  What would not, Peace! the patriot bear for thee?
What painful patience? what inceſſant care?
What mixt anxiety? what ſleepleſs toil?
Even from the raſh, protected, what reproach?
For he thy value knows, thy friendſhip, he,
To human nature: but the better thou,
The richer of delight, ſometimes the more
Inevitable War; when ruffian Force
Awakes the fury of an injur'd ſtate,
Even the good patient man, whom Reaſon rules,
Rous'd by bold inſult, and injurious rage,
With ſharp and ſudden check th' aſtoniſh'd ſons

Of Violence confounds, firm as his cauſe
His bolder heart; in awful juſtice clad,
His eyes effulging a peculiar fire;
And as he charges thro' the proſtrate war,
His keen arm teaches faithleſs men no more
To dare the ſacred vengeance of the juſt.
And what, my thoughtleſs Sons! ſhould fire you more
Than when your well-earn'd Empire of the Deep
The leaſt beginning injury receives?
What better cauſe can call your lightning forth?
Your thunder wake? your deareſt life demand?
What better cauſe, than when your country ſees
The ſly deſtruction at her vitals aim'd?
For, oh! it much imports you, 'tis your all,
To keep your trade entire, entire the force,
And honour of your fleets; o'er that to watch,
Even with a hand ſevere, and jealous eye.
In intercourſe be gentle, generous, juſt,
By wiſdom poliſh'd, and of manners fair;
But on the ſea be terrible, untam'd,
Unconquerable ſtill; let none eſcape,
Who ſhall but aim to touch your glory there.
Is there the man into the lion's den
Who dares intrude, to ſnatch his young away?
And is a Briton ſeiz'd? and ſeiz'd beneath
The ſlumbering terrors of a Britiſh fleet?
Then ardent riſe! oh! great in vengeance riſe!
O'erturn the proud, teach Rapine to reſtore;

And, as you ride sublimely round the world,
Make every vessel stoop, make every state
At once their welfare and their duty know.
This is your glory; this your wisdom; this
The native power for which you were design'd
By Fate, when Fate design'd the firmest state
That e'er was seated on the subject sea?
A state alone where Liberty should live
In these late times, this evening of mankind,
When Athens, Rome, and Carthage, are no more!
The world almost in slavish sloth dissolv'd.
For this these rocks around your coast were thrown;
For this your oaks, peculiar hardened, shoot
Strong into sturdy growth; for this your hearts
Swell with a sudden courage, growing still
As danger grows; and strength and toil for this
Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
Then cherish this, this unexpensive power,
Undangerous to the public, ever prompt,
By lavish Nature thrust into your hand;
And, unencumber'd with the bulk immense
Of conquest, whence huge empires rose, and fell
Self-crush'd, extend your reign from shore to shore,
Where'er the wind your high behests can blow,
And fix it deep on this eternal base.
For should the sliding fabric once give way,
Soon slackened quite, and past recovery broke,
It gathers ruin as it rolls along;

Steep-rushing down to that devouring gulf
Where many a mighty empire buried lies.
And should the big redundant flood of Trade,
In which ten thousand thousand labours join
Their several currents, till the boundless tide
Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land,
Should this bright stream, the least inflected, point
Its course another way, o'er other lands
The various treasure would resistless pour,
Ne'er to be won again, its ancient tract
Left a vile channel, desolate, and dead,
With all around a miserable waste,
Not Egypt, were her better heaven, the Nile,
Turn'd in the pride of flow, when o'er his rocks
And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach
Of dizzy Vision pil'd, in one wide flash
An Ethiopian deluge foams amain;
(Whence wondering fable trac'd him from the sky)
Even not that prime of earth, where harvests crowd
On untill'd harvests all the teeming year,
If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,
Were then a more uncomfortable wild,
Steril, and void, than, of her trade depriv'd,
Britons! your boasted isle: her princes sunk,
Her high-built honour mouldered to the dust,
Unnerv'd her force, her spirit vanish'd quite,
With rapid wing her riches fled away,
Her unfrequented ports alone the sign

Of what ſhe was, her merchants ſcatter'd wide,
Her hollow ſhops ſhut up, and in her ſtreets,
Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads,
The cheerful voice of Labour heard no more.
  Oh! let not, then, waſte Luxury impair
That manly ſoul of toil which ſtrings your nerves,
And your own proper happineſs creates!
Oh! let not the ſoft penetrating plague
Creep on the free-born mind, and, working there,
With the ſharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,
Endleſs, and idle all, eat out the heart
Of Liberty, the high conception blaſt,
The noble ſentiment, th' impatient ſcorn
Of baſe ſubjection, and the ſwelling wiſh
For general good eraſing from the mind;
While nought ſave narrow ſelfiſhneſs ſucceeds,
And low deſign, the ſneaking paſſions all
Let looſe, and reigning in the rankled breaſt.
Induc'd at laſt, by ſcarce-perceiv'd degrees,
Sapping the very frame of government
And life, a total diſſolution comes;
Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear,
Oppreſſion raging o'er the waſte he makes,
The human being almoſt quite extinct,
And the whole ſtate in broad corruption ſinks.
Oh! ſhun that gulf; that gaping ruin ſhun!
And countleſs ages roll it far away
From you, ye heaven-belov'd! May Liberty,

The light of life! the ſun of human-kind!
Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,
Even where the keen depreſſive North deſcends,
Still ſpread, exalt, and actuate your powers!
While ſlaviſh ſouthern climates beam in vain.
And may a public ſpirit from the Throne,
Where every virtue ſits, go copious forth,
Live o'er the land, the finer arts inſpire,
Make thoughtful Science raiſe his penſive head,
Blow the freſh bay, bid Induſtry rejoice,
And the rough ſons of loweſt Labour ſmile;
As when, profuſe of ſpring, the looſened Weſt
Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes
Youth, life, and love, and beauty, o'er the world.
But haſte we from theſe melancholy ſhores,
Nor to deaf winds and waves our fruitleſs plaint
Pour weak. The country claims our active aid;
That let us roam, and where we find a ſpark
Of public virtue, blow it into flame.
Lo! now my ſons, the ſons of Freedom! meet
In awful ſenate: thither let us fly,
Burn in the patriot's thought, flow from his tongue
In fearleſs truth, myſelf, transform'd, preſide,
And ſhed the ſpirit of Britannia round.
This ſaid, her fleeting form and airy train
Sunk in the gale, and nought but ragged rocks
Ruſh'd on the broken eye, and nought was heard
But the rough cadence of the daſhing wave.

LIBERTY.

A POEM.

IN FIVE PARTS.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,

FREDERICK,

PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

WHEN I reflect upon that ready condescension, that preventing generosity, with which your Royal Highness received the following Poem under your protection, I can alone ascribe it to the recommendation and influence of the subject. In you the cause and concerns of Liberty have so zealous a patron, as entitles whatever may have the least tendency to promote them to the distinction of your favour: and who can entertain this delightful reflection, without feeling a pleasure far superior to that of the fondest author, and of which all true lovers of their country must participate? To behold the noblest dispositions of the prince and of the patriot united; an overflowing benevolence, generosity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal for Liberty, an inti-

mate persuasion that on it depends the happiness and glory both of kings and people; to see these shining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto smiled in all the social lights and private accomplishments of life, is a prospect that cannot but inspire a general sentiment of satisfaction and gladness, more easy to be felt than expressed.

If the following attempt to trace Liberty from the first ages, down to her excellent establishment in Great-Britain, can at all merit your approbation, and prove an entertainment to your Royal Highness; if it can in any degree answer the dignity of the subject, and of the name under which I presume to shelter it, I have my best reward; particularly as it affords me an opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greatest zeal and respect,

SIR,

Your Royal Highness's

most obedient

and most devoted servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

ANCIENT AND MODERN ITALY

COMPARED.

LIBERTY.

PART I.

The Contents.

THE following Poem is thrown into the form of a poetical Vision. Its scene the ruins of ancient Rome. The goddess of Liberty, who is supposed to speak through the whole, appears characterised as British Liberty, to ver. 44. Gives a view of ancient Italy, and particularly of republican Rome, in all her magnificence and glory, to ver. 112. This contrasted by modern Italy; its vallies, mountains, culture, cities, people; the difference appearing strongest in the capital city, Rome, to ver. 234. The ruins of the great works of Liberty more magnificent than the borrowed pomp of Oppression; and from them revived Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture, to ver. 256. The old Romans apostrophised, with regard to the several melancholy changes in Italy: Horace, Tully, and Virgil, with regard to their Tiber, Tusculum, and Naples, to ver. 287. That once finest and most ornamented part of Italy, all along the coast of Baiae, how changed, to ver. 321. This desolation of Italy applied to Britain, to ver. 344. Address to the Goddess of Liberty, that she would deduce, from the first ages, her chief establishments, the description of which constitute the subject of the following parts of this Poem. She assents, and commands what she says to be sung in Britain, whose happiness, arising from Freedom, and a limited monarchy, she marks, to ver. 391. An immediate Vision attends, and paints her words. Invocation.

O MY lamented Talbot! while with thee
The Muse gay-rov'd the glad Hesperian round,
And drew the inspiring breath of ancient arts,
Ah! little thought she her returning verse
Should sing our darling subject to thy shade.

And does the myſtic veil from mortal beam
Involve thoſe eyes where every virtue ſmil'd,
And all thy father's candid ſpirit ſhone?
The light of reaſon, pure, without a cloud;
Full of the generous heart, the mild regard;
Honour diſdaining blemiſh, cordial faith,
And limpid truth, that looks the very ſoul:
But to the death of mighty nations turn
My ſtrain; be there abſorpt the private tear.
  Muſing I lay, warm from the ſacred walks,
Where at each ſtep Imagination burns;
While ſcattered wide around, awful and hoar,
Lies, a vaſt monument! once-glorious Rome,
The tomb of Empire! Ruins! that efface
Whate'er of finiſh'd modern pomp can boaſt.
  Snatch'd by theſe wonders to that world where
Unfettered ranges, Fancy's magic hand [thought
Led me anew o'er all the ſolemn ſcene,
Still in the mind's pure eye more ſolemn dreſt;
When ſtraight, methought, the fair majeſtic Power
Of Liberty appear'd; not, as of old
Extended in her hand, the cap and rod,
Whoſe ſlave-enlarging touch gave double life;
But her bright temples bound with Britiſh oak,
And naval honours nodded on her brow.
Sublime of port, looſe o'er her ſhoulder flow'd
Her ſea-green robe, with conſtellations gay.
An iſland-goddeſs now; and her high care

The Queen of Isles, the Mistress of the Main.
My heart beat filial transport at the sight,
And as she mov'd to speak, th' awakened Muse
Listen'd intense. A while she look'd around,
With mournful eye the well-known ruins mark'd,
And then, her sighs repressing, thus began:
Mine are these wonders, all thou seest is Mine;
But ah! how chang'd! the falling, poor remains
Of what exalted once th' Ausonian shore.
Look back thro' time, and, rising from the gloom,
Mark the dread scene, that paints whate'er I say.
The Great Republic see! that glow'd, sublime,
With the mixt freedom of a thousand states,
Rais'd on the thrones of kings her curule chair,
And by her fasces aw'd the subject world.
See busy millions quickening all the land,
With cities throng'd, and teeming culture high;
For Nature then smil'd on her free-born sons,
And pour'd the plenty that belongs to Men.
Behold, the country cheering, villas rise
In lively prospect, by the secret lapse
Of brooks now lost and streams renown'd in song:
In Umbria's closing vales, or on the brow
Of her brown hills that breathe the scented gale;
On Baiæ's viney coast, where peaceful seas,
Fann'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiss the shore,
And suns unclouded shine thro' purest air;
Or in the spacious neighbourhood of Rome,

Far-shining upward to the Sabine hills,
To Anio's roar and Tiber's olive shade,
To where Preneste lifts her airy brow,
Or downward spreading to the sunny shore,
Where Alba breathes the freshness of the main.
  See distant mountains leave their vallies dry,
And o'er the proud Arcade their tribute pour,
To love imperial Rome. For ages laid,
Deep, massy, firm, diverging every way,
With tombs of heroes sacred, see her roads,
By various nations trod; and suppliant kings,
With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.
  Full in the centre of these wondrous works,
The pride of earth! Rome in her glory see!
Behold her demigods, in senate met,
All head to counsel, and all heart to act;
The Commonweal inspiring every tongue
With fervent eloquence, unbrib'd, and bold,
Ere tame Corruption taught the servile herd
To rank obedient to a master's voice.
  Her Forum see, warm, popular, and loud,
In trembling wonder hush'd, when the two Sires *,
As they the private father greatly quell'd,
Stood up the public fathers of the state.
See Justice judging there in human shape!
Hark! how with Freedom's voice it thunders high,
Or in soft murmurs sinks to Tully's tongue.

* L. J. Brutus, and Virginius.

Her Tribes her Cenſus ſee; her generous troops,
Whoſe pay was glory, and their beſt reward
Free for their country and for Me to die,
Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.
  Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
The higheſt pomp and loweſt fall of life.
  Her feſtive games, the ſchool of heroes, ſee;
Her Circus, ardent with contending youth;
Her ſtreets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
Full of fair forms, of Beauty's eldeſt born,
And of a people caſt in Virtue's mould:
While Sculpture lives around, and Aſian hills
Lend their beſt ſtores to heave the pillar'd dome;
All that to Roman ſtrength the ſofter touch
Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
To paint this ſun, this centre of mankind,
Where every virtue, glory, treaſure, art,
Attracted ſtrong, in heightened luſtre met.
  Need I the contraſt mark? unjoyous view!
A land in all, in government and arts,
In virtue, genius, earth, and heaven, revers'd.
Who but theſe far-fam'd ruins to behold,
Proofs of a people whoſe heroic aims
Soar'd far above the little ſelfiſh ſphere
Of doubting modern life; who but inflam'd
With claſſic zeal, theſe conſecrated ſcenes
Of men and deeds to trace, unhappy Land!
Would truſt thy wilds, and cities looſe of ſway?

Are these the vales that, once, exulting states
In their warm bosom fed? the mountains these
On whose high-blooming sides My sons, of old,
I bred to glory? these dejected towns,
Where, mean and sordid, life can scarce subsist,
The scenes of ancient opulence and pomp?
Come! by whatever sacred name disguis'd,
Oppression! come, and in thy works rejoice!
See Nature's richest plains to putrid fens
Turn'd by thy fury. From their cheerful bounds
See raz'd th' enlivening village, farm, and seat.
First rural Toil, by thy rapacious hand
Robb'd of his poor reward, resign'd the plow,
And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe:
'Tis thine entire. The lonely swain himself,
Who loves at large along the grassy downs
His flocks to pasture, thy drear champain flies.
Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,
'Tis all one desert, desolate, and gray,
Graz'd by the sullen buffalo alone;
And where the rank uncultivated growth
Of rotting ages taints the passing gale.
Beneath the baleful blast the city pines,
Or sinks enfeebled, or infected burns.
Beneath it mourns the solitary road,
Roll'd in rude mazes o'er th' abandon'd waste,
While ancient ways, ingulf'd, are seen no more.
Such thy dire plains, thou Self-destroyer! foe

To human-kind! Thy mountains, too, profuſe,
Where ſavage Nature blooms, ſeem their ſad plaint
To raiſe againſt thy deſolating rod.
There on the breezy brow, where thriving ſtates
And famous cities, once, to the pleas'd ſun
Far other ſcenes of riſing culture ſpread,
Pale ſhine thy ragged towns. Neglected round
Each harveſt pines, the livid, lean produce
Of heartleſs Labour; while thy hated joys,
Not proper pleaſure, lift the lazy hand.
Better to ſink in ſloth the woes of life,
Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.
Hence drooping Art almoſt to Nature leaves
The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts
Of yellow Ceres, thin the radiant bluſh
Of orchard reddens in the warmeſt ray.
To weedy wildneſs run, no rural wealth
(Such as dictators fed) the garden pours.
Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine;
Nor juice Cæcubian nor Falernian more
Streams life and joy, ſave in the Muſe's bowl.
Unſeconded by Art, the ſpinning race
Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.
In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows,
And flowering plants perfume the deſert gale.
Thro' the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines:
Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to ſong,
And long a ſtranger to the hero's brow.

Nor half thy triumph this, cast from brute fields
Into the haunts of men thy ruthless eye.
There buxom Plenty never turns her horn;
The grace and virtue of exterior life,
No clean Convenience reigns; even Sleep itself,
Least delicate of powers, reluctant, there
Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.
Thy horrid walk! dead, empty, unadorn'd;
See streets whose echoes never know the voice
Of cheerful Hurry, Commerce many-tongu'd,
And Art mechanic at his various task,
Fervent, employ'd. Mark the desponding race,
Of occupation void, as void of hope;
Hope, the glad ray glanc'd from Eternal Good,
That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,
With views of fortune—madness all to them!
By thee relentless seiz'd their better joys,
To the soft aid of cordial airs they fly,
Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,
And love and music melt their souls away.
From feeble Justice see how rash Revenge,
Trembling, the balance snatches, and the sword,
Fearful himself, to venal ruffians gives.
See where God's altar, nursing Murder, stands
With the red touch of dark assassins stain'd.
But chief let Rome, the mighty City! speak
The full-exerted genius of thy reign.
Behold her rise amid the lifeless waste,

Expiring Nature all corrupted round;
While the lone Tiber, thro' the defert plain
Winds his wafte ftores, and fullen fweeps along.
Patch'd from my fragments, in unfolid pomp,
Mark how the temple glares, and, artful dreft,
Amufive, draws the fuperftitious train.
Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,
Concealing often, in magnific jail,
Proud Want; a deep unanimated gloom!
And oft' adjoining to the drear abode
Of Mifery, whofe melancholy walls
Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach.
Within the City-bounds the defert fee:
See the rank vine o'er fubterranean roofs
Indecent fpread, beneath whofe fretted gold
It once exulting flow'd. The people mark,
Matchlefs, while fir'd by Me; to public good
Inexorably firm, juft, generous, brave,
Afraid of nothing but unworthy life,
Elate with glory, an heroic foul
Known to the vulgar breaft; behold them now
A thin defpairing number, all-fubdu'd,
The flaves of flaves, by fuperftition fool'd,
By vice unmann'd, and a licentious rule,
In guile ingenious, and in murder brave.
Such in one land, beneath the fame fair clime,
Thy fons, Oppreffion! are, and fuch were Mine.
Even with thy labour'd pomp, for whofe vain fhow

Deluded thouſands ſtarve; all age be-grim'd,
Torn, robb'd, and ſcatter'd in unnumber'd ſacks,
And by the tempeſt of two thouſand years
Continual ſhaken, let My ruins vie,
Theſe roads that yet the Roman hand aſſert,
Beyond the weak repair of modern toil;
Theſe fractured arches, that the chiding ſtream
No more delighted hear; theſe rich remains
Of marbles now unknown, where ſhines, imbib'd,
Each parent ray; theſe maſſy columns, hew'd
From Afric's fartheſt ſhore; one granite all
Theſe obeliſks high-towering to the ſky,
Myſterious mark'd with dark Egyptian lore;
Theſe endleſs wonders that this * Sacred Way
Illumine ſtill, and conſecrate to fame;
Theſe fountains, vaſes, urns, and ſtatues, charg'd
With the fine ſtores of art-completing Greece:
Mine is, beſides, thy every later boaſt;
Thy Buonarotis, thy Palladios, Mine;
And Mine the fair deſigns which Raphael's † ſoul
O'er the live canvaſs, emanating, breath'd.
What would you ſay, ye Conquerors of earth!
Ye Romans! could you raiſe the laurel'd head?
Could you the country ſee, by ſeas of blood,
And the dread toil of ages, won ſo dear,

* Via Sacra.

† M. Angelo Buonaroti, Palladio, and Raphael D'Urbino, the three great modern maſters in ſculpture, architecture, and painting.

Your pride, your triumph, your ſupreme delight!
For whoſe defence oft', in the doubtful hour,
You ruſh'd with rapture down the gulf of Fate,
Of death ambitious! till by awful deeds,
Virtues and courage, that amaze mankind,
The Queen of Nations roſe, poſſeſt of all
Which Nature, Art, and Glory, could beſtow!
What would you ſay, deep in the laſt abyſs
Of ſlavery, vice, and unambitious want,
Thus to behold her ſunk? Your crowded plains
Void of their cities, unadorn'd your hills,
Ungrac'd your lakes, your ports to ſhips unknown,
Your lawleſs floods, and your abandon'd ſtreams,
Theſe could you know? theſe could you love again?
Thy Tiber, Horace! could it now inſpire
Content, poetic eaſe, and rural joy,
Soon burſting into ſong, while thro' the groves
Of headlong Anio, daſhing to the vale,
In many a tortur'd ſtream you mus'd along?
  Yon' wild retreat, where Superſtition dreams,
Could, Tully! you your Tuſculum * believe?
And could you deem yon' naked hills, that form,
Fam'd in old ſong, the ſhip-forſaken bay †,
Your Formian ſhore, once the delight of earth,

* Tuſculum is reckoned to have ſtood at a place now called *Grotta Ferrata*, a convent of Monks.

† The bay of Mola (anciently *Formiae*) into which Homer brings Ulyſſes and his companions. Near *Formiae* Cicero had a villa.

Where Art and Nature, ever-smiling, join'd
On the gay land to lavish all their stores?
How chang'd, how vacant, Virgil! wide around,
Would now your Naples seem? disaster'd less
By black Vesuvius thundering o'er the coast,
His midnight earthquakes and his mining fires,
Than by despotic rage*; that inward gnaws,
A native foe; a foreign tears without.
First from your flattered Cæsars this began,
Till, doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,
Thin-peopled spreads, at last, the syren plain †
That the dire soul of Hannibal disarm'd,
And wrapt in weeds the shore of Venus lies ‡.
There Baiae sees no more the joyous throng,
Her banks all beaming with the pride of Rome:
No generous vines now bask along the hills,
Where sport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main:
With baths and temples mixt, no villas rise;
Nor, art-sustain'd amid reluctant waves,
Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep:
No spreading ports their sacred arms extend;
No mighty moles the big intrusive storm,
From the calm station, roll resounding back.
An almost total desolation sits,

* Naples, then under the Austrian government.
† *Campagna Felice*, adjoining to Capua.
‡ The coast of Baiae, which was formerly adorned with the works mentioned in the following lines; and where, amidst many magnificent ruins, those of a temple erected to Venus are still to be seen.

A dreary ſtilneſs, ſaddening o'er the coaſt;
Where*, when ſoft ſuns and tepid winters roſe,
Rejoicing crowds inhal'd the balm of peace;
Where city'd hill to hill reflected blaze;
And where, with Ceres, Bacchus wont to hold
A genial ſtrife. Her youthful form, robuſt,
Even Nature yields, by fire and earthquake rent;
Whole ſtately cities in the dark abrupt
Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbiſh laid,
A neſt for ſerpents; from the red abyſs
New hills, exploſive, thrown; the Lucrine lake
A reedy pool, and all to Cuma's point
The ſea recovering his uſurp'd domain,
And pour'd triumphant o'er the bury'd dome.
Hence, Britain! learn, My beſt-eſtabliſh'd, laſt,
And, more than Greece or Rome, My ſteady reign;
The land where, king and people equal bound
By guardian laws, my fulleſt bleſſings flow,
And where My jealous unſubmitting ſoul,
The dread of tyrants! burns in every breaſt:
Learn hence, if ſuch the miſerable fate
Of an heroic race, the maſters once
Of human-kind, what, when depriv'd of Me,
How grievous muſt be thine? In ſpite of climes,
Whoſe ſun-enliven'd ether wakes the ſoul
To higher powers, in ſpite of happy ſoils

* All along this coaſt the ancient Romans had their winter retreats, and ſeveral populous cities ſtood.

That, but by Labour's slightest aid impell'd;
With treasures teem to thy cold clime unknown,
If there desponding fail the common arts
And sustenance of life, could life itself,
Far less a thoughtless tyrant's hollow pomp,
Subsist with thee? Against depressing skies,
Join'd to full spread Oppression's cloudy brow,
How could thy spirits hold? where vigour find
Forc'd fruits to tear from their unnative soil?
Or, storing every harvest in thy ports,
To plough the dreadful all-producing wave?
  Here paus'd the goddess: by the pause assur'd,
In trembling accents thus I mov'd my prayer:
"Oh! first, and most benevolent of powers!
"Come from eternal splendours, here on earth,
"Against despotic pride, and rage, and lust,
"To shield mankind, to raise them to assert
"The native rights and honour of their race;
"Teach me, thy lowest subject, but in zeal
"Yielding to none, the progress of thy reign,
"And with a strain from thee enrich the Muse.
"As thee alone she serves, her patron, thou,
"And great inspirer, be! then will she joy,
"Tho' narrow life her lot, and private shade,
"And when her venal voice she barters vile,
"Or to thy open or thy secret foes,
"May ne'er those sacred raptures touch her more,
"By slavish hearts unfelt! and may her song

“ Sink in oblivion with the nameleſs crew !
“ Vermin of ſtate ! to thy o'erflowing light
“ That owe their being, yet betray thy cauſe.”
Then, condeſcending kind, the heavenly Power
Return'd——“ What here, ſuggeſted by the ſcene,
“ I ſlight unfold, record and ſing at home,
“ In that bleſt iſle where (ſo we ſpirits move)
“ With one quick effort of My will I am :
“ There Truth, unlicens'd, walks, and dares accoſt
“ Even kings themſelves, the monarchs of the Free!
“ Fix'd on my rock, there an indulgent race
“ O'er Britons wield the ſceptre of their choice ;
“ And there, to finiſh what his ſires began,
“ A Prince behold ! for Me who burns ſincere,
“ Even with a ſubject's zeal. He My great work
“ Will, parent-like, ſuſtain, and added give
“ The touch the Graces and the Muſes owe :
“ For Britain's glory ſwells his panting breaſt,
“ And ancient arts he emulous revolves ;
“ His pride to let the ſmiling heart abroad,
“ Thro' clouds of pomp, that but conceal the man :
“ To pleaſe his pleaſure, bounty his delight,
“ And all the ſoul of Titus dwells in him.”
Hail, glorious theme ! But how, alas ! ſhall verſe,
From the crude ſtores of mortal language drawn,
How, faint and tedious, ſing what, piercing deep,
The goddeſs flaſh'd at once upon my ſoul ?
For, clear preciſion all, the tongue of gods

Is harmony itself; to every ear
Familiar, known like light to every eye.
Mean time disclosing ages, as she spoke,
In long succession pour'd their empires forth;
Scene after scene, the human drama spread,
And still th' embodied picture rose to sight.
Oh Thou! to whom the Muses owe their flame,
Who bidd'st, beneath the Pole, Parnassus rise,
And Hippocrenè flow, with thy bold ease,
The striking force, the lightning of thy thought,
And thy strong phrase, that rolls profound and clear,
Oh! gracious Goddess! re-inspire my song,
While I, to nobler than poetic fame
Aspiring, thy commands to Britons bear,

GREECE.

LIBERTY.

PART II.

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THUS ſpoke the goddeſs of the fearleſs eye,
And at her voice, renew'd, the Viſion roſe.
  Firſt, in the dawn of time, with eaſtern ſwains,
In woods, and tents, and cottages, I liv'd,
While on from plain to plain they led their flocks,
In ſearch of clearer ſpring and freſher field,

Theſe, as increaſing families diſclos'd
The tender ſtate, I taught an equal ſway.
Few were offences, properties, and laws.
Beneath the rural portal, palm-o'erſpread,
The father-ſenate met. There Juſtice dealt,
With reaſon then and equity the ſame,
Free as the common air her prompt decree;
Nor yet had ſtain'd her ſword with ſubjects' blood.
The ſimpler arts were all their ſimpler wants
Had urg'd to light; but inſtant, theſe ſupply'd,
Another ſet of fonder wants aroſe,
And other arts with them of finer aim,
Till, from refining want to want impell'd,
The Mind by thinking puſh'd her latent powers,
And life began to glow, and arts to ſhine.
At firſt, on brutes alone the ruſtic war
Launch'd the rude ſpear; ſwift as he glar'd along,
On the grim lion or the robber wolf!
For then young ſportive Life was void of toil,
Demanding little and with little pleas'd;
But when to manhood grown, and endleſs joys,
Led on by equal toils the boſom fir'd,
Lewd lazy Rapine broke primeval Peace,
And, hid in caves and idle foreſts drear,
From the lone pilgrim and the wandering ſwain
Seiz'd what he durſt not earn. Then brothers' blood
Firſt, horrid, ſmok'd on the polluted ſkies.
Awful in juſtice, then the burning youth,

Led by their tempered fires, on lawlefs men,
The laft worft monfters of the fhaggy wood,
Turn'd the keen arrow and the fharpen'd fpear.
Then war grew glorious. Heroes then arofe
Who, fcorning coward felf, for others liv'd,
Toil'd for their eafe, and for their fafety bled.
Weft with the living day to Greece I came:
Earth fmil'd beneath My beam; the Mufe before
Sonorous flew, that low, till then, in woods
Had tun'd the reed, and figh'd the fhepherd's pain;
But now, to fing heroic deeds, fhe fwell'd
A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.
For Greece My fons of Egypt I forfook,
A boaftful race, that in the vain abyfs
Of fabling ages lov'd to lofe their fource,
And with their river trac'd it from the fkies.
While there my laws alone defpotic reign'd,
And kings as well as people proud obey'd;
I taught them fcience, virtue, wifdom, arts;
By poets, fages, legiflators fought,
The fchool of polifh'd life and human-kind:
But when myfterious Superftition came,
And, with her Civil Sifter* leagu'd, involv'd
In ftudy'd darknefs the defponding mind,
Then tyrant Power the righteous fcourge unloos'd;
For yielded reafon fpeaks the foul a flave.
Inftead of ufeful works, like Nature's great,

* Civil tyranny.

Enormous, cruel wonders cruſh'd the land,
And round a tyrant's tomb*, who none deſerv'd,
For one vile carcaſs periſh'd countleſs lives.
Then the great Dragon †, couch'd amid his floods,
Swell'd his fierce heart, and cry'd—"This flood is
"'Tis I that bid it flow."—But, undeceiv'd, [mine,
His frenzy ſoon the proud blaſphemer felt;
Felt that, without My fertilizing power,
Suns loſt their force, and Niles o'erflow'd in vain.
Nought could retard Me; nor the frugal ſtate
Of riſing Perſia, ſober in extreme,
Beyond the pitch of man, and thence revers'd
Into luxurious waſte; nor yet the ports
Of old Phœnicia, firſt for letters fam'd,
That paint the voice, and ſilent ſpeak to ſight,
Of arts prime ſource and guardian! by fair ſtars,
Firſt tempted out into the lonely deep,
To whom I firſt diſclos'd mechanic arts,
The winds to conquer, to ſubdue the waves,
With all the peaceful power of ruling trade,
Earneſt of Britain. Nor by theſe retain'd,
Nor by the neighbouring land, whoſe palmy ſhore
The ſilver Jordan laves: before Me lay
The promis'd Land of Arts, and urg'd my flight.
Hail, Nature's utmoſt boaſt! unrivall'd Greece!
My faireſt reign! where every power benign
Conſpir'd to blow the flower of human-kind,

* The pyramids. † The tyrants of Egypt.

And laviſh'd all that Genius can inſpire.
Clear ſunny climates, by the breezy main,
Ionian or Ægæan, temper'd kind :
Light airy ſoils : a country rich and gay,
Broke into hills, with balmy odours crown'd,
And, bright with purple harveſt, joyous vales :
Mountains & ſtreams whereverſe ſpontaneous flow'd;
Whence deem'd by wondering men the ſeat of gods,
And ſtill the mountains and the ſtreams of ſong.
All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
Of high materials, and My reſtleſs arts
Frame into finiſh'd life. How many ſtates,
And cluſtering towns, and monuments of fame,
And ſcenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds,
From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
By Adria's here, there by Ægæan waves,
To where the deep-adorning Cyclade Iſles
In ſhining proſpect riſe, and on the ſhore
Of fartheſt Crete reſounds the Libyan main ?
  O'er all two rival cities rear'd the brow,
And balanc'd all. Spread on Eurotas' bank,
Amid a circle of ſoft-riſing hills,
The patient Sparta one ; the ſober, hard,
And man-ſubduing city, which no ſhape
Of pain could conquer, or of pleaſure charm.
Lycurgus there built, on the ſolid baſe
Of equal life, ſo well a tempered ſtate,
Where mix'd each government in ſuch juſt poiſe,

Each power fo checking and fupporting each,
That firm for ages, and unmov'd, it ftood,
The fort of Greece! without one giddy hour,
One fhock of faction, or of party rage.
For, drain'd the fprings of wealth, corruption there
Lay withered at the root. Thrice happy land!
Had not neglected Art, with weedy Vice
Confounded, funk. But if Athenian arts
Lov'd not the foil, yet there the calm abode
Of Wifdom, Virtue, philofophic Eafe,
Of manly Senfe and Wit, in frugal phrafe
Confin'd, and prefs'd into laconic force.
There, too, by rooting thence ftill treacherous Self
The public and the private grew the fame:
The children of the nurfing Public all,
And at its table fed; for that they toil'd,
For that they liv'd entire, and even for that
The tender mother urg'd her fon to die.
  Of fofter genius, but not lefs intent
To feize the palm of empire, Athens rofe.
Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,
Hymettus * fpread, amid the fcented fky,
His thymy treafures to the labouring bee,
And to botanic hand the ftores of health,
Wrapt in a foul-attenuating clime,
Between Iliffus † and Cephiffus glow'd

* A mountain near Athens.
† Two rivers, betwixt which Athens was fituated.

This hive of Science, ſhedding ſweets divine,
Or active arts and animated arms.
There, paſſionate for Me, an eaſy-mov'd,
A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,
Enlightened people, reign'd. Oft' on the brink
Of ruin, hurry'd by the charm of ſpeech,
Inforcing haſty counſel immature,
Totter'd the raſh Democracy, unpois'd,
And by the rage devour'd that ever tears
A populace unequal; part too rich,
And part or fierce with want or abject grown.
Solon, at laſt, their mild reſtorer, roſe,
Allay'd the tempeſt, to the calm of laws
Reduc'd the ſettling whole, and, with the weight
Which the two Senates * to the public lent,
As with an anchor, fix'd the driving ſtate.
 Nor was My forming care to theſe confin'd;
For emulation thro' the Whole I pour'd;
Noble contention! who ſhould moſt excel
In government well-pois'd, adjuſted beſt
To public weal; in countries cultur'd high,
In ornamented towns, where Order reigns,
Free ſocial life, and poliſh'd manners fair;
In exerciſe and arms, arms only drawn

* The Areopagus, or ſupreme court of judicature, which Solon reformed and improved; and the council of *Four Hundred* by him inſtituted. In this council all affairs of ſtate were deliberated, before they came to be voted in the aſſembly of the people.

For common Greece, to quell the Perſian pride;
In moral ſcience, and in graceful arts.
Hence, as for glory peacefully they ſtrove,
The prize grew greater, and the prize of all.
By conteſt brighten'd, hence the radiant youth
Pour'd every beam; by generous pride inflam'd,
Felt every ardour burn; their great reward
The verdant wreath which ſounding Piſa * gave.
  Hence flouriſh'd Greece, and hence a race of men,
As gods by conſcious future times ador'd,
In whom each virtue wore a ſmiling air,
Each ſcience ſhed o'er life a friendly light,
Each art was nature. Spartan valour, hence,
At the fam'd paſs † firm as an iſthmus ſtood,
And the whole eaſtern ocean, waving far
As eye could dart its viſion, nobly check'd.
While in extended battle at the field
Of Marathon, My keen Athenians drove
Before their ardent band an hoſt of ſlaves.
  Hence thro' the continent ten thouſand Greeks
Urg'd a retreat, whoſe glory not the prime
Of victories can reach. Deſerts, in vain,
Oppos'd their courſe, and hoſtile lands, unknown,
And deep rapacious floods, dire-bank'd with death,
And mountains, in whoſe jaws Deſtruction grinn'd,
Hunger and toil, Armenian ſnows and ſtorms,

* Or Olympia, the city where the Olympic games were celebrated.

† The ſtraits of Thermopylæ.

And circling myriads ſtill of barbarous foes.
Greece in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,
Their ſteady column pierc'd the ſcattering herds
Which a whole empire pour'd, and held its way
Triumphant, by the ſage-exalted Chief *
Fir'd and ſuſtain'd. Oh! light and force of mind
Almoſt almighty, in ſevere extremes!
The ſea at laſt from Colchian mountains ſeen,
Kind-hearted tranſport round their captains threw
The ſoldiers' fond embrace; o'erflow'd their eyes
With tender floods, and loos'd the general voice
To cries reſounding loud—The ſea! The ſea!
In Attic bounds hence heroes, ſages, wits,
Shone thick as ſtars the Milky Way of Greece!
And tho' gay Wit and pleaſing Grace was theirs,
All the ſoft Modes of elegance and eaſe,
Yet was not Courage leſs, the patient touch
Of toiling Art, and Diſquiſition deep.
My ſpirit pours a vigour thro' the ſoul,
Th' unfetter'd thought with energy inſpires,
Invincible in arts, in the bright field
Of nobler Science, as in that of Arms.
Athenians thus not leſs intrepid burſt
The bonds of tyrant darkneſs, than they ſpurn'd
The Perſian chains; while thro' the city, full
Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,
Inceſſant ſtruggled taſte refining taſte,

* Xenophon.

And friendly free diſcuſſion, calling forth
From the fair jewel Truth its latent ray.
O'er all ſhone out the great Athenian Sage*,
And Father of Philoſophy; the ſun
From whoſe white blaze, emerg'd, each various ſect
Took various teints, but with diminiſh'd beam.
Tutor of Athens! he in every ſtreet
Dealt priceleſs treaſure; goodneſs his delight,
Wiſdom his wealth, and glory his reward.
Deep thro' the human heart, with playful art,
His ſimple queſtion ſtole, as into truth
And ſerious deeds he ſmil'd the laughing race;
Taught moral happy life whate'er can bleſs
Or grace mankind; and what he taught he was.
Compounded high, tho' plain, his doctrine broke
In different Schools. The bold poetic phraſe
Of figur'd Plato, Xenophon's pure ſtrain,
Like the clear brook that ſteals along the vale,
Diſſecting truth, the Stagyrite's keen eye,
Th' exalted Stoic pride, the Cynic ſneer,
The ſlow-conſenting Academic doubt;
And, joining bliſs to virtue, the glad eaſe
Of Epicurus, ſeldom underſtood.
They, ever-candid, reaſon ſtill oppos'd
To reaſon, and, ſince virtue was their aim,
Each by ſure practice try'd to prove his way
The beſt. Then ſtood untouch'd the ſolid baſe

* Socrates.

Of Liberty, the liberty of mind;
For ſyſtems yet, and ſoul-enſlaving creeds,
Slept with the monſters of ſucceeding times.
From prieſtly darkneſs ſprung th' enlightening arts
Of fire, and ſword, and rage, and horrid names.
O Greece! thou ſapient nurſe of finer Arts!
Which to bright Science blooming Fancy bore,
Be this thy praiſe, that thou, and thou alone,
In theſe haſt led the way, in theſe excell'd,
Crown'd with the laurel of aſſenting Time.
In thy full language, ſpeaking mighty things,
Like a clear torrent cloſe, or elſe diffus'd
A broad majeſtic ſtream, and rolling on
Thro' all the winding harmony of ſound,
In it the power of Eloquence, at large,
Breath'd the perſuaſive or pathetic ſoul,
Still'd by degrees the democratic ſtorm,
Or bade it threatening riſe, and tyrants ſhook,
Fluſh'd at the head of their victorious troops.
In it the Muſe, her fury never quench'd
By mean unyielding phraſe, or jarring ſound,
Her unconfin'd divinity diſplay'd,
And, ſtill harmonious, form'd it to her will,
Or ſoft depreſs'd it to the ſhepherd's moan,
Or rais'd it ſwelling to the tongue of gods.
Heroic Song was thine, the fountain-bard *,
Whence each poetic ſtream derives its courſe.

* Homer.

Thine the dread Moral Scene, thy chief delight!
Where idle Fancy durſt not mix her voice,
When Reaſon ſpoke auguſt; the fervent heart
Or plain'd or ſtorm'd, and in th' impaſſion'd man,
Concealing art with art, the poet ſunk.
This potent ſchool of manners, but when left
To looſe neglect, a land-corrupting plague,
Was not unworthy deem'd of public care,
And boundleſs coſt, by thee, whoſe every ſon,
Even laſt mechanic, the true taſte poſſeſs'd
Of what had flavour to the nouriſh'd ſoul.
 The ſweet enforcer of the poet's ſtrain,
Thine was the meaning Muſic of the heart;
Not the vain trill that, void of paſſion, runs,
In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears,
But that deep-ſearching voice, and artful hand,
To which reſpondent ſhakes the varied ſoul.
 Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
By Love imagin'd, by the Graces touch'd,
The boaſt of well-pleas'd Nature! Sculpture ſeiz'd,
And bade them ever ſmile in Parian ſtone.
Selecting Beauty's choice, and that again
Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,
Thy workmen left even Nature's ſelf behind.
From thoſe far different, whoſe prolific hand
Peoples a nation, they for years on years,
By the cool touches of judicious toil,
Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all

Thro' the live features of one breathing ſtone.
There, beaming full, it ſhone, expreſſing gods;
Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
The fierce atrocious frown of ſinewed Mars,
Or the ſly graces of the Cyprian Queen.
Minutely perfect all! each dimple ſunk,
And every muſcle ſwell'd, as Nature taught.
In treſſes, braided gay, the marble wav'd,
Flow'd in looſe robes, or thin tranſparent veils;
Sprung into motion, ſoftened into fleſh,
Was fir'd to paſſion, or refin'd to ſoul.
  Nor leſs thy pencil, with creative touch,
Shed mimic life, when all thy brighteſt dames
Aſſembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mix'd.
And when Apelles, who peculiar knew
To give a grace that more than mortal ſmil'd,
The ſoul of Beauty! call'd the Queen of Love
Freſh from the billows, bluſhing orient charms.
Even ſuch enchantment then thy pencil pour'd,
That cruel-thoughted War th' impatient torch
Daſh'd to the ground; and, rather than deſtroy
The patriot picture[*], let the city 'ſcape.
  Firſt elder Sculpture taught her ſiſter Art
Correct deſign, where great ideas ſhone,
And in the ſecret trace expreſſion ſpoke:

* When Demetrius beſieged Rhodes, and could have reduced the city, by ſetting fire to that quarter of it where ſtood the houſe of the celebrated Protogenes, he choſe rather to raiſe the ſiege than hazard the burning of a famous picture called Jaſylus, the maſter-piece of that painter.

Taught her the graceful attitude, the turn,
And beauteous airs of head; the native act,
Or bold or eaſy; and, caſt free behind,
The ſwelling mantle's well-adjuſted flow.
Then the bright Muſe, their eldeſt Siſter, came,
And bade her follow where ſhe led the way;
Bade earth, and ſea, and air, in colours riſe,
And copious action on the canvaſs glow;
Gave her gay Fable, ſpread Invention's ſtore,
Enlarg'd her view, taught compoſition high,
And juſt arrangement, circling round one point,
That ſtarts to ſight, binds and commands the whole.
Caught from the heavenly Muſe a nobler aim,
And ſcorning the ſoft trade of mere delight,
O'er all thy temples, porticoes, and ſchools,
Heroic deeds ſhe trac'd, and warm diſplay'd
Each mortal beauty to the raviſh'd eye.
There, as th' imagin'd preſence of the God
Arous'd the mind, or vacant hours induc'd
Calm Contemplation, or aſſembled youth
Burn'd in ambitious circle round the ſage,
The living leſſon ſtole into the heart
With more prevailing force than dwells in words.
Theſe rouze to glory, while to rural life
The ſofter canvaſs oft' repos'd the ſoul.
There gaily broke the ſun-illumin'd cloud,
The leſs'ning proſpect, and the mountain blue,
Vaniſh'd in air; the precipice frown'd, dire;

White down the rock the ruſhing torrent daſh'd;
The ſun ſhone, trembling, o'er the diſtant main;
The tempeſt foam'd, immenſe; the driving ſtorm
Sadden'd the ſkies, and from the doubling gloom,
On the ſcath'd oak the ragged lightning fell;
In cloſing ſhades, and where the current ſtrays,
With Peace, and Love, and Innocence, around,
Pip'd the lone ſhepherd to his feeding flock;
Round happy parents ſmil'd their younger ſelves,
And friends convers'd, by death divided long.
To public virtues thus the ſmiling Arts,
Unblemiſh'd handmaids! ſerv'd: the Graces they
To dreſs this faireſt Venus. Thus rever'd,
And plac'd beyond the reach of ſordid care,
The high awarders of immortal fame,
Alone for glory thy great maſters ſtrove;
Courted by kings, and by contending ſtates
Aſſum'd the boaſted honour of their birth.
In Architecture, too, thy rank ſupreme!
That art where moſt magnificent appears
The little builder Man; by thee refin'd,
And, ſmiling high, to full perfection brought.
Such thy ſure rules, that Goths of every age,
Who ſcorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth
With labour'd heavy monuments of ſhame:
Not thoſe gay domes that o'er thy ſplendid ſhore
Shot, all proportion, up. Firſt unadorn'd,
And nobly plain, the manly Doric roſe;

Th' Ionic then, with decent matron grace,
Her airy pillar heav'd; luxuriant laſt,
The rich Corinthian ſpread her wanton wreath;
The whole ſo meaſur'd true, ſo leſſen'd off
By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
Form'd to repel the ſtill or ſtormy waſte
Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
That from the magic wand aërial riſe.
Theſe were the wonders that illumin'd Greece
From end to end.—Here interrupting warm,
Where are they now? (I cry'd) ſay, Goddeſs! where?
And what the land thy darling thus of old?
Sunk! ſhe reſum'd; deep in the kindred gloom
Of Superſtition and of Slavery ſunk!
No glory now can touch their hearts, benumb'd
By looſe dejected ſloth and ſervile fear;
No ſcience pierce the darkneſs of their minds;
No nobler art the quick ambitious ſoul
Of imitation in their breaſt awake.
Even to ſupply the needful arts of life
Mechanic toil denies the hopeleſs hand:
Scarce any trace remaining, veſtige gray,
Or nodding column, on the deſert ſhore,
To point where Corinth or where Athens ſtood.
A faithleſs land of violence and death!
Where Commerce parleys, dubious, on the ſhore,
And his wild impulſe curious Search reſtrains,
Afraid to truſt th' inhoſpitable clime.

Neglected Nature fails; in sordid want
Sunk, and debas'd, their beauty beams no more.
The Sun himself seems, angry, to regard,
Of light unworthy, the degenerate race,
And fires them oft' with pestilential rays;
While earth, blue poison steaming on the skies,
Indignant shakes them from her troubled sides.
But as from man to man, Fate's first decree,
Impartial Death the tide of riches rolls,
So States must die, and Liberty go round.
Fierce was the stand ere Virtue, Valour, Arts,
And the Soul fir'd by Me (that often stung
With thoughts of better times and old renown,
From hydra-tyrants try'd to clear the land)
Lay quite extinct in Greece, their works effac'd,
And gross o'er all unfeeling Bondage spread.
Sooner I mov'd My much-reluctant flight,
Pois'd on the doubtful wing, when Greece with Greece,
Embroil'd in foul contention, fought no more
For common glory and for common weal;
But, false to Freedom, sought to quell the Free,
Broke the firm band of peace, and sacred love,
That lent the whole irrefragable force,
And, as around the partial trophy blush'd,
Prepar'd the way for total overthrow.
Then to the Persian power, whose pride they scorn'd,
When Xerxes pour'd his millions o'er the land,
Sparta by turns, and Athens, vilely sued,

Sued to be venal parricides, to ſpill
Their country's braveſt blood, and on themſelves
To turn their matchleſs mercenary arms.
Peaceful in Suſa, then, ſat the Great King*,
And by the trick of treaties, the ſtill waſte
Of ſly Corruption and Barbaric gold,
Effected what his ſteel could ne'er perform.
Profuſe he gave them the luxurious draught,
Inflaming all the land; unbalanc'd wide
Their tottering ſtates, their wild aſſemblies rul'd,
As the winds turn at every blaſt the ſeas,
And by their liſted orators, whoſe breath
Still with a factious ſtorm infeſted Greece,
Rous'd them to Civil war, or daſh'd them down
To ſordid peace †—Peace! that, when Sparta ſhook
Aſtoniſh'd Artaxerxes on his throne,
Gave up, fair-ſpread o'er Aſia's ſunny ſhore,
Their kindred cities to perpetual chains.
What could ſo baſe, ſo infamous a thought
In Spartan hearts inſpire? Jealous, they ſaw
Reſpiring Athens ‡ rear again her walls,
And the pale fury fir'd them once again
To cruſh this rival city to the duſt.

* So the kings of Perſia were called by the Greeks.

† The peace made by Antalcidas, the Lacedemonian admiral, with the Perſians; by which the Lacedemonians abandoned all the Greeks eſtabliſhed in the Leſſer Aſia to the dominion of the King of Perſia.

‡ Athens had been diſmantled by the Lacedemonians, at the end of the firſt Peloponneſian war, and was at this time reſtored by Conon to its former ſplendour.

For now no more the noble ſocial ſoul
Of Liberty My families combin'd,
But by ſhort views and ſelfiſh paſſions broke,
Dire as when friends are rankled into foes,
They mix'd ſevere, and wag'd eternal war;
Nor felt they, furious, their exhauſted force;
Nor, with falſe glory, diſcord, madneſs blind,
Saw how the blackening ſtorm from Thracia came.
Long years roll'd on, by many a battle ſtain'd*,
The bluſh and boaſt of Fame! where courage, art,
And military glory, ſhone ſupreme;
But let deteſting ages, from the ſcene
Of Greece, ſelf-mangled, turn the ſickening eye.
At laſt, when bleeding from a thouſand wounds
She felt her ſpirits fail, and in the duſt
Her lateſt heroes, Nicias, Conon, lay,
Ageſilaus, and the Theban Friends †,
The Macedonian Vulture mark'd his time,
By the dire ſcent of Cheronæa ‡ lur'd,
And, fierce deſcending, ſeiz'd his hapleſs prey.
Thus tame ſubmitted to the victor's yoke
Greece! once the gay, the turbulent, the bold,
For every Grace, and Muſe, and Science, born;
With arts of war, of government, elate;
To tyrants dreadful, dreadful to the beſt;

* The Peloponneſian war.
† Pelopidas and Epaminondas.
‡ The battle of Cheronæa, in which Philip of Macedon utterly defeated the Greeks.

Whom I Myſelf could ſcacely rule; and thus
The Perſian fetters, that inthrall'd the mind,
Were turn'd to formal and apparent chains.
  Unleſs Corruption firſt deject the pride
And guardian vigour of the Free-born ſoul,
All crude attempts of Violence are vain;
For firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
Ne'er yet by Force was Freedom overcome.
But ſoon as Independence ſtoops the head,
To vice enſlav'd, and vice-created wants,
Then to ſome foul corrupting hand, whoſe waſte
Theſe heightened wants with fatal bounty feeds,
From man to man the ſlackening ruin runs,
Till the whole State, unnerv'd, in ſlavery ſinks.

ROME.

LIBERTY.

PART III.

The Contents.

AS this Part contains a description of the establishment of Liberty in Rome, it begins with a view of the Grecian colonies settled in the southern parts of Italy, which, with Sicily, constituted the Great Greece of the Ancients. With these colonies the spirit of Liberty, and of Republics, spreads over Italy, to ver. 32. Transition to Pythagoras and his philosophy, which he taught through those free states and cities, to ver. 71. Amidst the many small republics in Italy, Rome the distined seat of Liberty. Her establishment there dated from the expulsion of the Tarquins. How differing from that in Greece, to ver. 88. Reference to a view of the Roman Republic given in the First Part of this Poem: to mark its rise and fall the peculiar purport of This. During its first ages, the greatest force of Liberty and Virtue exerted, to ver. 103. The source whence derived the heroic virtues of the Romans. Enumeration of these virtues. Thence their security at home; their glory, success, and empire, abroad; to ver. 226. Bounds of the Roman Empire geographically described, to ver. 257. The states of Greece restored to liberty by Titus Quintus Flaminius, the highest instance of public generosity and beneficence, to ver. 328. The loss of Liberty in Rome. Its causes, progress, and completion, in the death of Brutus, to ver. 485. Rome under the Emperors, to ver. 513. From Rome the Goddess of Liberty goes among the Northern nations, where, by infusing into them her spirit and general principles, she lays the ground-work of her future establishments; sends them in vengeance on the Roman Empire, now totally enslaved; and then, with Arts and Sciences in her train, quits earth during the dark ages; to ver. 550. The celestial regions, to which Liberty retired, not proper to be opened to the view of mortals.

HERE melting mix'd with air th' ideal forms,
That painted still whate'er the goddess sung.

Then I, impatient,—" From extinguish'd Greece,
" To what new region stream'd the Human Day?"
She, softly sighing, as when Zephyr leaves,
Resign'd to Boreas, the declining year,
Resum'd,—Indignant, these last scenes I fled *,
And long ere then Leucadia's cloudy cliff,
And the Ceraunian hills behind me thrown,
All Latium stood arous'd. Ages before,
Great mother of Republics! Greece had pour'd,
Swarm after swarm, her ardent youth around;
On Asia, Afric, Sicily, they stoop'd,
But chief on fair Hesperia's winding shore,
Where from Lacinium † to Etrurian vales
They roll'd increasing colonies along,
And lent materials for My Roman reign.
With them My spirit spread; and numerous states
And cities rose, on Grecian models form'd,
As its parental policy and arts
Each had imbib'd. Besides, to each assign'd,
A guardian Genius o'er the public weal
Kept an unclosing eye; try'd to sustain,
Or more, sublime the soul infus'd by Me;
And strong the battle rose, with various wave,
Against the tyrant demons of the land.
Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew,
Their flows of fortune, and receding times,

* The last struggles of Liberty in Greece.
† A promontory in Calabria.

But almoſt all below the proud regard
Of ſtory vow'd to Rome, on deeds intent,
That truth beyond the flight of fable bore.
Not ſo the Samian Sage*; to him belongs
The brighteſt witneſs of recording Fame.
For theſe free ſtates his native iſle † forſook,
And a vain tyrant's tranſitory ſmile,
He ſought Crotona's pure ſalubrious air,
And thro' Great Greece ‡ his gentle wiſdom taught;
Wiſdom that calm'd for liſtening years || the mind,
Nor ever heard amid the ſtorm of zeal.
His mental eye firſt launch'd into the deeps
Of boundleſs ether; where unnumber'd orbs,
Myriads on myriads, thro' the pathleſs ſky
Unerring roll, and wind their ſteady way.
There he the full conſenting choir beheld,
There firſt diſcern'd the ſecret band of love,
The kind attraction that to central ſuns
Binds circling earths, and world with world unites.
Inſtructed thence, he great ideas form'd
Of the whole-moving all-informing God,
The Sun of beings! beaming unconfin'd
Light, life, and love, and every active power;
Whom nought can image; and who beſt approves
The ſilent worſhip of the moral heart,

* Pythagoras.
† Samos, over which then reigned the tyrant Polycrates.
‡ The ſouthern parts of Italy and Sicily, ſo called, becauſe of the Grecian colonies there ſettled.
|| His ſcholars were enjoined ſilence for five years.

That joys in bounteous Heaven, and fpreads the joy.
Nor fcorn'd the foaring fage to ftoop to life,
And bound his reafon to the fphere of Man.
He gave the four yet reigning virtues * name;
Infpir'd the ftudy of the finer arts,
That civilize mankind, and laws devis'd,
Where with enlighten'd juftice mercy mix'd.
He even, into his tender fyftem, took
Whatever fhares the brotherhood of life.
He taught that life's indiffoluble flame
From brute to man, and man to brute again,
For ever fhifting, runs th' eternal round;
Thence try'd againft the blood-polluted meal,
And limbs yet quivering with fome kindred foul,
To turn the human heart. Delightful truth!
Had he beheld the living chain afcend,
And not a circling form, but rifing whole.
 Amid thefe fmall Republics one arofe,
On yellow Tiber's bank, almighty Rome!
Fated for Me. A nobler fpirit warm'd
Her fons; and, rous'd by tyrants, nobler ftill
It burn'd in Brutus; the proud Tarquins chas'd,
With all their crimes; bade radiant æras rife,
And the long honours of the Conful-line.
 Here from the fairer, not the greater, plan
Of Greece I vary'd, whofe unmixing ftates,
By the keen foul of Emulation pierc'd,

* The four Cardinal virtues.

Long wag'd alone the bloodleſs war of Arts,
And their beſt empire gain'd; but to diffuſe
O'er men an empire was My purpoſe now;
To let My martial Majeſty abroad;
Into the vortex of one State to draw
The whole mix'd force and liberty on earth;
To conquer tyrants, and ſet nations free.
Already have I given, with flying touch,
A broken view of this My ampleſt reign:
Now while its firſt, laſt, periods you ſurvey,
Mark how it lab'ring roſe, and rapid fell.
When Rome in noon-tide empire graſp'd the world,
And, ſoon as her reſiſtleſs legions ſhone,
The nations ſtoop'd around; tho' then appear'd
Her grandeur moſt, yet in her dawn of power,
By many a jealous equal people preſs'd,
Then was the toil, the mighty ſtruggle, then;
Then for each Roman I an hero told,
And every paſſing ſun and Latian ſcene
Saw patriot virtues then, and awful deeds,
That or ſurpaſs the faith of modern times,
Or, if believ'd, with ſacred horror ſtrike.
For then, to prove My moſt exalted power,
I to the point of full perfection puſh'd,
To fondneſs and enthuſiaſtic zeal,
The great, the reigning paſſion of the Free!
That godlike paſſion! which, the bounds of Self
Divinely burſting, the whole public takes

Into the heart, enlarg'd, and burning high
With the mix'd ardour of unnumber'd ſelves;
Of all who ſafe beneath the voted laws
Of the ſame parent ſtate, fraternal, live.
From this kind ſun of moral Nature flow'd
Virtues that ſhine the light of human-kind,
And, ray'd thro' ſtory, warm remoteſt time.
Theſe virtues, too, reflected to their ſource,
Increas'd its flame. The ſocial charm went round,
The fair idea, more attractive ſtill,
As more by virtue mark'd, till Romans, all
One band of friends, unconquerable grew.
Hence, when their Country rais'd her plaintive voice,
The voice of pleading Nature was not heard,
And in their hearts the fathers throbb'd no more;
Stern to themſelves, but gentle to the whole.
Hence ſweetened pain, the luxury of toil,
Patience that baffled Fortune's utmoſt rage,
High-minded Hope, which at the loweſt ebb,
When Brennus conquer'd and when Cannæ bled,
The braveſt impulſe felt, and ſcorn'd deſpair.
Hence Moderation a new conqueſt gain'd,
As on the vanquiſh'd, like deſcending Heaven,
Their dewy mercy dropp'd, their bounty beam'd,
And by the labouring hand were crowns beſtow'd.
Fruitful of men, hence hard laborious life,
Which no fatigue can quell, no ſeaſon pierce:
Hence Independence, with his little pleas'd

Serene, and ſelf-ſufficient, like a god,
In whom Corruption could not lodge one charm,
While he his honeſt roots to gold preferr'd;
While truly rich, and by his Sabine field
The man maintain'd, the Roman's ſplendour all
Was in the public wealth and glory plac'd;
Or ready, a rough ſwain, to guide the plough,
Or elſe, the purple o'er his ſhoulder thrown,
In long majeſtic flow, to rule the ſtate
With Wiſdom's pureſt eye; or, clad in ſteel,
To drive the ſteady battle on the foe.
Hence every paſſion, even the proudeſt, ſtoop'd
To common-good: Camillus! thy revenge;
Thy glory, Fabius! All ſubmiſſive, hence
Conſuls, Dictators, ſtill reſign'd their rule,
The very moment that the laws ordain'd.
Tho' Conqueſt o'er them clapp'd her eagle-wings,
Her laurels wreath'd, and yok'd her ſnowy ſteeds
To the triumphal car, ſoon as expir'd
The lateſt hour of ſway, taught to ſubmit
(A harder leſſon that than to command),
Into the private Roman ſunk the chief.
If Rome was ſerv'd, and glorious, careleſs they
By whom: their country's fame they deem'd their own,
And above envy, in a rival's train
Sung the loud Iös by themſelves deſerv'd:
Hence matchleſs courage: on Cremera's bank
Hence fell the Fabii: hence the Decii dy'd;

And Curtius plung'd into the flaming gulf:
Hence Regulus the wavering Fathers firm'd,
By dreadful counſel never given before;
For Roman honour ſued, and his own doom:
Hence he ſuſtain'd to dare a death prepar'd
By Punic rage: on earth his manly look
Relentleſs fix'd, he from a laſt embrace,
By chains polluted, put his wife aſide,
His little children climbing for a kiſs;
Then dumb thro' rows of weeping wondering friends,
A new illuſtrious exile! preſs'd along.
Nor leſs impatient did he pierce the crowds
Oppoſing his return, than if, eſcap'd
From long litigious ſuits, he glad forſook
The noiſy town a while, and city cloud,
To breathe Venafrian or Tarentine air.
Need I theſe high particulars recount?
The meaneſt boſom felt a thirſt for fame,
Flight their worſt death, and ſhame their only fear.
Life had no charms, nor any terrors fate,
When Rome and Glory call'd. But, in one view,
Mark the rare boaſt of theſe unequall'd times:
Ages revolv'd unſully'd by a crime;
Aſtrea reign'd, and ſcarcely needed laws
To bind a race elated with the pride
Of virtue, and diſdaining to deſcend
To meanneſs, mutual violence, and wrongs.
While war around them rag'd, in happy Rome

All peaceful ſmil'd, all ſave the paſſing clouds
That often hang on Freedom's jealous brow,
And fair unblemiſh'd centuries elaps'd,
When not a Roman bled but in the field.
Their virtue ſuch, that an unbalanc'd ſtate,
Still between Noble and Plebeian toſs'd,
As flow'd the wave of fluctuating power,
Was thence kept firm, and with triumphant prow
Rode out the ſtorms. Oft' tho' the native feuds,
That from the firſt their conſtitution ſhook
(A latent ruin, growing as it grew),
Stood on the threatening point of Civil war
Ready to ruſh, yet could the lenient voice
Of Wiſdom, ſoothing the tumultuous ſoul,
Thoſe ſons of Virtue calm. Their generous hearts,
Unpetrify'd by Self, ſo naked lay
And ſenſible to truth, that o'er the rage
Of giddy Faction, by Oppreſſion ſwell'd,
Prevail'd a ſimple fable, and at once
To peace recover'd the divided ſtate.
But if their often-cheated hopes refus'd
The ſoothing touch, ſtill in the love of Rome
The dread Dictator found a ſure reſource.
Was ſhe aſſaulted ? was her glory ſtain'd?
One common quarrel wide-inflam'd the whole.
Foes in the Forum in the field were friends,
By ſocial danger bound; each fond for each,
And for their deareſt country all, to die.

Thus up the hill of Empire ſlow they toil'd,
Till, the bold ſummit gain'd, the Thouſand States
Of proud Italia blended into one;
Then o'er the nations they reſiſtleſs ruſh'd,
And touch'd the limits of the failing world.
Let Fancy's eye the diſtant lines unite.
See that which borders wild the weſtern main,
Where ſtorms at large reſound, and tides immenſe;
From Caledonia's dim cerulean coaſt,
And moiſt Hibernia, to where Atlas, lodg'd
Amid the reſtleſs clouds and leaning heaven,
Hangs o'er the deep that borrows thence its name.
Mark that oppos'd, where firſt the ſpringing Morn
Her roſes ſheds, and ſhakes around her dews;
From the dire deſerts by the Caſpian lav'd,
To where the Tigris and Euphrates, join'd,
Impetuous tear the Babylonian plain,
And bleſt Arabia aromatic breathes.
See that dividing far the watry North,
Parent of floods! from the majeſtic Rhine,
Drunk by Batavian meads, to where, ſeven-mouth'd,
In Euxine waves the flaſhing Danube roars;
To where the frozen Tanais ſcarcely ſtirs
The dead Meotic pool, or the long Rha *
In the black Scythian † ſea his torrent throws.
Laſt that beneath the burning zone behold;
See where it runs, from the deep-loaded plains

* The ancient name of the Volga. † The Caſpian ſea.

Of Mauritania to the Libyan ſands,
Where Ammon lifts amid the torrid waſte
A verdant iſle, with ſhade and fountain freſh,
And farther to the full Egyptian ſhore,
To where the Nile from Ethiopian clouds,
His never-drain'd ethereal urn, deſcends.
In this vaſt ſpace what various tongues and ſtates!
What bounding rocks, and mountains, floods, and ſeas!
What purple tyrants quell'd, and nations freed!
O'er Greece deſcended chief, with ſtealth divine,
The Roman bounty in a flood of day,
As at her Iſthmian games, a fading pomp!
Her full aſſembled youth innumerous ſwarm'd.
On a tribunal rais'd Flaminius ſate;
A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierc'd
Of iron-coated Macedon, and back
The Grecian tyrant * to his bounds repell'd.
In the high thoughtleſs gaiety of game,
While ſport alone their unambitious hearts
Poſſeſs'd, the ſudden trumpet, ſounding hoarſe,
Bade ſilence o'er the bright aſſembly reign.
Then thus a herald:—"To the ſtates of Greece
"The Roman people, unconfin'd, reſtore
"Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws;
"Taxes remit, and garriſons withdraw."
The crowd, aſtoniſh'd half, and half inform'd,
Star'd dubious round; ſome queſtion'd, ſome exclaim'd
(Like one who, dreaming, between hope and fear

* The King of Macedonia.

Is loſt in anxious joy), Be that again,
Be that again proclaim'd, diſtinct, and loud.
Loud and diſtinct it was again proclaim'd,
And ſtill as midnight in the rural ſhade,
When the gale ſlumbers, they the words devour'd.
A while ſevere amazement held them mute,
Then, burſting broad, the boundleſs ſhout to heaven
From many a thouſand hearts ecſtatic ſprung.
On every hand rebellow'd to their joy
The ſwelling ſea, the rocks, and vocal hills:
Thro' all her turrets ſtately Corinth * ſhook,
And, from the void above of ſhattered air,
The flitting bird fell breathleſs to the ground.
What piercing bliſs! how keen a ſenſe of fame
Did then, Flaminius! reach thy inmoſt ſoul?
And with what deep-felt glory didſt thou then
Eſcape the fondneſs of tranſported Greece?
Mix'd in a tempeſt of ſuperior joy,
They left the ſports; like Bacchanals they flew,
Each other ſtraining in a ſtrict embrace,
Nor ſtrain'd a ſlave; and loud acclaims till night
Round the Proconſul's tent repeated rung.
Then, crown'd with garlands, came the feſtive hours,
And muſic, ſparkling wine, and converſe warm,
Their raptures wak'd anew.—"Ye Gods!" they cry'd,
"Ye guardian Gods of Greece! And are we free?
"Was it not madneſs deem'd the very thought?

* The Iſthmian games were celebrated at Corinth.

"And is it true? How did we purchaſe chains?
"At what a dire expence of kindred blood?
"And are they now diſſolv'd? and ſcarce one drop
"For the fair firſt of bleſſings have we paid?
"Courage and conduct in the doubtful field,
"When rages wide the ſtorm of mingling war,
"Are rare indeed; but how to generous ends
"To turn ſucceſs and conqueſt, rarer ſtill;
"That the great Gods and Romans only know.
"Lives there on earth, almoſt to Greece unknown,
"A people ſo magnanimous, to quit
"Their native ſoil, traverſe the ſtormy deep,
"And by their blood and treaſure, ſpent for us,
"Redeem our ſtates, our liberties, and laws!
"There does! there does! Oh! Saviour Titus! Rome!"
Thus thro' the happy night they pour'd their ſouls,
And in My laſt-reflected beams rejoic'd.
As when the ſhepherd, on the mountain brow,
Sits piping to his flocks and gameſome kids,
Mean time the ſun, beneath the green earth ſunk,
Slants upward o'er the ſcene a parting gleam,
Short is the glory that the mountain gilds,
Plays on the glittering flocks, and glads the ſwain;
To weſtern worlds irrevocable roll'd,
Rapid, the ſource of light recalls his ray.
Here, interpoſing, I.—"Oh Queen of Men!
"Beneath whoſe ſceptre in eſſential rights
"Equal they live, tho' plac'd, for common good,

"Various, or in ſubjection or command,
"And that by common choice; alas! the ſcene,
"With virtue, freedom, and with glory bright,
"Streams into blood, and darkens into woe."
Thus ſhe purſu'd.—Near this great æra, Rome
Began to feel the ſwift approach of Fate,
That now her vitals gain'd; ſtill more and more
Her deep diviſions kindling into rage,
And war with chains and deſolation charg'd,
From an unequal balance of her ſons
Theſe fierce contentions ſprung, and, as increas'd
This hated inequality, more fierce,
They flam'd to tumult. Independence fail'd,
Here by luxurious wants, by real there,
And with this virtue every virtue ſunk,
As with the ſliding rock the pile ſuſtain'd.
A laſt attempt, too late, the Gracchi made,
To fix the flying ſcale, and poiſe the ſtate.
On one ſide ſwell'd ariſtocratic Pride,
With Uſury, the villain whoſe fell gripe
Bends by degrees to baſeneſs the free ſoul;
And Luxury rapacious, cruel, mean,
Mother of vice! while on the other crept
A populace in want, with pleaſure fir'd,
Fit for proſcriptions, for the darkeſt deeds,
As the proud feeder bade; inconſtant, blind,
Deſerting friends at need, and dup'd by foes;
Loud and ſeditious, when a chief inſpir'd,

Their headlong fury; but of him depriv'd,
Already ſlaves that lick'd the ſcourging hand.
  This firm Republic, that againſt the blaſt
Of Oppoſition roſe; that (like an oak,
Nurs'd on feracious Algidum, whoſe boughs
Still ſtronger ſhoot beneath the rigid axe)
By loſs, by ſlaughter, from the ſteel itſelf
Even force and ſpirit drew, ſmit with the calm,
The dead ſerene of proſperous fortune, pin'd.
Nought now her weighty legions could oppoſe.
Her terror once *, on Afric's tawny ſhore,
Now ſmok'd in duſt, a ſtabling now for wolves,
And every dreaded power receiv'd the yoke.
Beſides, deſtructive, from the conquer'd Eaſt,
In the ſoft plunder came that worſt of plagues,
That peſtilence of mind, a fever'd thirſt
For the falſe joys which Luxury prepares:
Unworthy joys! that waſteful leave behind
No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,
No ſecret ray to glad the conſcious ſoul;
At once involving in o[illegible]n wealth,
And wealth-acquiring powers; while ſtupid Self,
Of narrow guſt and hebetating ſenſe,
Devour the nobler faculties of bliſs.
Hence Roman virtue ſlacken'd into ſloth,
Security relax'd the ſoftening ſtate,
And the broad eye of Government lay clos'd.
No more the laws inviolable reign'd,

* Carthage.

And public weal no more; but party rag'd,
And partial power, and licence unreſtrain'd,
Let Diſcord thro' the deathful City looſe.
Firſt, mild Tiberius*! on thy ſacred head
The Fury's vengeance fell; the firſt whoſe blood
Had ſince the Conſuls ſtain'd contending Rome;
Of precedent pernicious! With thee bled
Three hundred Romans; with thy brother, next,
Three thouſand more; till into battles turn'd
Debates of peace, and forc'd the trembling laws,
The Forum and Comitia horrid grew,
A ſcene of barter'd power or reeking gore:
When, half-aſham'd, Corruption's thieviſh arts,
And ruffian Force, begin to ſap the mounds
And majeſty of laws; if not in time
Repreſs'd ſevere, for human aid too ſtrong,
The torrent turns, and overbears the whole.
Thus luxury, diſſention, a mix'd rage
Of boundleſs pleaſure and of boundleſs wealth,
Want wiſhing change, and waſte-repairing war,
Rapine for ever loſt to peaceful toil,
Guilt unaton'd, profuſe of blood Revenge,
Corruption all avow'd, and lawleſs Force,
Each heightening each, alternate ſhook the ſtate.
Mean time Ambition, at the dazzling head
Of hardy legions, with the laurels heap'd
And ſpoil of nations, in one circling blaſt
Combin'd in various ſtorm, and from its baſe

* Tib. Gracchus.

The broad Republic tore. By Virtue built
It touch'd the ſkies, and ſpread o'er ſheltered earth
An ample roof: by Virtue, too, ſuſtain'd,
And balanc'd ſteady, every tempeſt ſung
Innoxious by, or bade it firmer ſtand:
But when, with ſudden and enormous change,
The firſt of mankind ſunk into the laſt,
As once in virtue, ſo in vice extreme,
This univerſal fabric yielded looſe
Before Ambition ſtill; and thundering down,
At laſt, beneath its ruins cruſh'd a world.
A conquering people, to themſelves a prey,
Muſt ever fall, when their victorious troops,
In blood and rapine ſavage grown, can find
No land to ſack and pillage but their own.
By brutal Marius and keen Sylla firſt
Effus'd the deluge dire of civil blood,
Unceaſing woes began, and this or that
(Deep drenching their revenge), nor virtue ſpar'd,
Nor ſex nor age, nor quality nor name;
Till Rome, into an human ſhambles turn'd,
Made deſerts lovely.—Oh! to well-earn'd chains
Devoted race!—If no true Roman then,
No Scævola there was, to raiſe for Me
A vengeful hand: was there no father, robb'd
Of blooming youth to prop his withered age?
No ſon a witneſs to his hoary ſire
In duſt and gore defil'd? No friend, forlorn?

No wretch that doubtful trembled for himſelf?
None brave, or wild, to pierce a monſter's heart,
Who, heaping horror round, no more deſerv'd
The ſacred ſhelter of the laws he ſpurn'd?
No: ſad o'er all profound Dejection ſate,
And nerveleſs Fear. The ſlave's aſylum theirs,
Or flight, ill-judging, that the timid back
Turns weak to ſlaughter, or partaken guilt.
In vain from Sylla's vanity I drew
An unexampled deed. The power reſign'd,
And all unhop'd the Commonwealth reſtor'd,
Amaz'd the public, and effac'd his crimes.
Thro' ſtreets yet ſtreaming from his murderous hand
Unarm'd he ſtray'd, unguarded, unaſſail'd,
And on the bed of peace his aſhes laid;
A grace which I to his demiſſion gave.
But with him died not the deſpotic ſoul.
Ambition ſaw that ſtooping Rome could bear
A Maſter, nor had virtue to be free.
Hence for ſucceeding years My troubled reign
No certain peace, no ſpreading proſpect, knew.
Deſtruction gathered round. Still the black ſoul
Or of a Catiline or Rullus *, ſwell'd
With fell deſigns, and all the watchful art
Of Cicero demanded, all the force,

* Pub. Servilius Rullus, Tribune of the people, propoſed an Agrarian law, in appearance very advantageous for the people, but deſtructive of their liberty, and which was defeated by the eloquence of Cicero, in his ſpeech againſt Rullus.

All the ſtate-wielding magic of his tongue,
And all the thunder of My Cato's zeal.
With theſe I lingered, till the flame anew
Burſt out in blaze immenſe, and wrapt the world.
The ſhameful conteſt ſprung to whom mankind
Should yield the neck: to Pompey, who conceal'd
A rage impatient of an equal name,
Or to the nobler Cæſar, on whoſe brow
O'er daring Vice deluding Virtue ſmil'd,
And who no leſs a vain ſuperior ſcorn'd.
Both bled, but bled in vain. New traitors roſe.
The venal will be bought, the baſe have lords.
To theſe vile wars I left ambitious ſlaves,
And from Philippi's field, from where in duſt
The laſt of Romans, matchleſs Brutus! lay,
Spread to the North, untam'd, a rapid wing.
What tho' the firſt ſmooth Cæſars arts careſs'd
Merit, and virtue, ſimulating Me?
Severely tender! cruelly humane!
The chain to clench, and make it ſofter ſit
On the new-broken ferocious ſtate,
From the dark Third *, ſucceeding, I beheld
Th' imperial monſters all.—A race on earth
Vindictive ſent, the ſcourge of human-kind!
Whoſe blind profuſion drain'd a bankrupt world;
Whoſe luſt to forming Nature ſeems diſgrace,
And whoſe infernal rage bade every drop
Of ancient blood that yet retain'd my flame,

* Tiberius.

To that of Pætus * in the peaceful bath,
O'er Rome's affrighted ftreets inglorious flow.
But almoft juft the meanly-patient death
That waits a tyrant's unprevented ftroke.
Titus, indeed, gave one fhort evening gleam,
More cordial felt, as in the midft it fpread
Of ftorm and horror. The delight of men!
He who the day when his o'erflowing hand
Had made no happy heart, concluded loft:
Trajan and he, with the mild Sire and Son †,
His fon of virtue! eas'd a while mankind,
And Arts reviv'd beneath their gentle beam.
Then was their laft effort: what Sculpture rais'd
To Trajan's glory, following triumphs ftole,
And mixt with Gothic forms (the chiffel's fhame),
On that triumphal arch ‡, the forms of Greece.
  Mean time o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep vales
Of gelid Hæmus, I purfu'd my flight;
And, piercing fartheft Scythia, weftward fwept
Sarmatia ||, travers'd by a thoufand ftreams:
A fullen land of lakes, and fens immenfe,

* Thrafea Pætus, put to death by Nero.—Tacitus introduces the account he gives of his death thus:—"After having inhu-"manely flaughtered fo many illuftrious men, he (Nero) burned "at laft with a defire of cutting off Virtue itfelf in the perfon "of Thrafea," &c.

† Antoninus Pius, and his adopted fon, Marcus Aurelius, afterwards called Antoninus Philofophus.

‡ Conftantine's arch, to build which that of Trajan was deftroyed, fculpture having been then almoft entirely loft.

|| The ancient Sarmatia contained a vaft tract of country, running all along the north of Europe and Afia.

Of rocks, reſounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
And cruel deſerts, black with ſounding pine,
Where Nature frowns; tho' ſometimes into ſmiles
She ſoftens, and immediate, at the touch
Of ſouthern gales, throws from the ſudden glebe
Luxuriant paſture and a waſte of flowers.
But, cold-compreſt, when the whole loaded heaven
Deſcends in ſnow, loſt in one white abrupt
Lies undiſtinguiſh'd earth; and, ſeiz'd by froſt,
Lakes, headlong ſtreams, and floods, and oceans, ſleep.
Yet there life glows; the furry millions there
Deep-dig their dens beneath the ſheltering ſnows;
And there a race of men prolific ſwarms,
To various pain, to little pleaſure, us'd;
On whom, keen parching, beat Riphæan winds,
Hard like their ſoil, and like their climate fierce,
The nurſery of nations!—Theſe I rous'd,
Drove land on land, on people people pour'd,
Till from almoſt perpetual night they broke,
As if in ſearch of day, and o'er the banks
Of yielding Empire, only ſlave-ſuſtain'd,
Reſiſtleſs rag'd, in vengeance urg'd by Me.
 Long in the barbarous heart the bury'd ſeeds
Of Freedom lay for many a wintry age,
And tho' My ſpirit work'd by ſlow degrees,
Nought but its pride and fierceneſs yet appear'd:
Then was the night of time that parted worlds.
I quitted earth the while. As when the tribes

Aërial, warn'd of riſing winter, ride
Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne;
So, Arts and each good Genius in My train,
I cut the cloſing gloom, and ſoar'd to heaven.
  In the bright regions there of pureſt day,
Far other ſcenes and palaces ariſe,
Adorn'd profuſe with other arts divine.
All beauty here below, to them compar'd,
Would, like a roſe before the mid-day ſun,
Shrink up its bloſſom; like a bubble break
The paſſing poor magnificence of kings:
For there the King of Nature, in full blaze,
Calls every ſplendour forth; and there his court
Amid ethereal powers and virtues holds;
Angel, archangel, tutelary gods,
Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds.
But ſacred be the veil that kindly clouds
A light too keen for mortals, wraps a view
Too ſoftening fair, for thoſe that here in duſt
Muſt cheerful toil out their appointed years.
A ſenſe of higher life would only damp
The ſchoolboy's taſk, and ſpoil his playful hours:
Nor could the child of Reaſon, feeble Man!
With vigour thro' this infant being drudge,
Did brighter worlds, their unimagin'd bliſs
Diſcloſing, dazzle and diſſolve his mind.

BRITAIN.

LIBERTY.

PART IV.

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STRUCK with the rising scene, thus I, amaz'd—
" Ah! Goddess; what a change! Is earth the same?
" Of the same kind the ruthless race she feeds?
" And does the same fair sun and ether spread

"Round this vile ſpot their all-enlivening ſoul?
"Lo! Beauty fails; loſt in unlovely forms
"Of little pomp, Magnificence no more
"Exalts the mind, and bids the Public ſmile;
"While to rapacious intereſt Glory leaves
"Mankind, and every grace of life is gone."
To this the Power, who vital radiance calls
From the brute maſs of man an ordered world.
"Wait till the morning ſhines, and from the depth
"Of Gothic darkneſs ſprings another day.
"True, Genius droops; the tender ancient taſte
"Of Beauty, then freſh-blooming in her prime,
"But faintly trembles thro' the callous ſoul,
"And Grandeur, or of morals or of life,
"Sinks into ſafe purſuits and creeping cares.
"Even cautious Virtue ſeems to ſtoop her flight,
"And aged Life to deem the generous deeds
"Of youth romantic: yet in cooler thought
"Well-reaſon'd, in reſearches piercing deep
"Thro' Nature's works, in profitable arts,
"And all that calm Experience can diſcloſe,
"(Slow guide, but ſure) behold the world anew
"Exalted riſe, with other honours crown'd;
"And, where My ſpirit wakes the finer powers,
"Athenian laurels ſtill afreſh ſhall bloom."
Oblivious ages paſs'd, while Earth, forſook
By her beſt Genii, lay to Demons foul,
And unchain'd Furies, an abandon'd prey.

Contention led the van, firſt ſmall of ſize,
But ſoon dilating, to the ſkies ſhe towers;
Then wide as air the livid fury ſpread,
And high her head above the ſtormy clouds,
She blaz'd in omens, ſwell'd the groaning winds
With wild ſurmiſes, battlings, ſounds of war:
From land to land the madd'ning trumpet blew,
And pour'd her venom thro' the heart of man.
Shook to the Pole, the North obey'd her call.
Forth ruſh'd the bloody Power of Gothic war,
War againſt human-kind; Rapine, that led
Millions of raging robbers in his train;
Unliſtening, barbarous Force, to whom the ſword
Is reaſon, honour law; the Foe of Arts
By monſters follow'd, hideous to behold,
That claim'd their place. Outrageous mix'd with theſe
Another ſpecies of tyrannic rule *,
Unknown before, whoſe cancrous ſhackles ſeiz'd
Th' envenom'd ſoul; a wilder Fury, ſhe
Even o'er her elder Siſter † tyranniz'd;
Or if, perchance, agreed, inflam'd her rage.
Dire was her train, and loud: the Sable Band,
Thundering,—" Submit, ye Laity! ye Prophane!
" Earth is the Lord's, and therefore Ours; let kings
" Allow the common claim, and half be theirs;
" If not, behold! the ſacred lightning flies;"
Scholaſtic Diſcord, with an hundred tongues,

* Church power, or eccleſiaſtical tyranny.
† Civil tyranny.

For ſcience, uttering jarg'ing words obſcure,
Where frighted Reaſon never yet could dwell;
Of peremptory feature, Cleric Pride,
Whoſe reddening cheek no contradiction bears;
And Holy Slander, his aſſociate firm,
On whom the Lying Spirit ſtill deſcends;
Mother of tortures! Perſecuting Zeal,
High-flaſhing in her hand the ready torch,
Or poniard bath'd in unbelieving blood;
Hell's fierceſt fiend! of faintly brow demure,
Aſſuming a celeſtial ſeraph's name,
While ſhe beneath the blaſphemous pretence
Of pleaſing Parent Heaven, the Source of Love!
Has wrought more horrors, more deteſted deeds,
Than all the reſt combin'd. Led on by her,
And wild of head to work her fell deſigns,
Came Idiot Superſtition; round with ears
Innumerous ſtrow'd, ten thouſand Monkiſh forms
With legends play'd them, and with tenets meant
To charm or ſcare the ſimple into ſlaves,
And poiſon reaſon! groſs, ſhe ſwallows all,
The moſt abſurd believing ever moſt:
Broad o'er the whole her univerſal night,
The gloom ſtill doubling, Ignorance diffus'd.
Nought to be ſeen but viſionary Monks
To councils ſtrolling, and embroiling creeds;
Banditti Saints *, diſturbing diſtant lands,

* Cruſades.

And unknown Nations, wandering for a home.
All lay revers'd: the ſacred arts of rule
Turn'd to flagitious leagues againſt mankind,
And arts of plunder more and more avow'd;
Pure plain Devotion to a ſolemn farce *;
To holy dotage Virtue, even to guile,
To murder, and a mockery of oaths;
Brave ancient Freedom to the rage † of ſlaves,
Proud of their ſtate, and fighting for their chains;
Diſhonour'd Courage to the bravo's trade ‡,
To civil broil; and Glory to romance.
Thus human life unhing'd to ruin reel'd,
And giddy Reaſon totter'd on her throne.
  At laſt Heaven's beſt inexplicable ſcheme,
Diſcloſing, bade new brightning eras ſmile.
The high command gone forth, Arts in My train,
And azure-mantled Science, ſwift we ſpread
A ſounding pinion. Eager Pity, mixt
With indignation, urg'd her downward flight.
On Latium firſt we ſtoop'd, for doubtful life
That panted, ſunk beneath unnumber'd woes.
Ah! poor Italia! what a bitter cup
Of vengeance haſt thou drain'd? Goths, Vandals, Huns,
Lombards, Barbarians broke from every land,
How many a ruffian form haſt thou beheld?
What horrid jargons heard, where rage alone

* The corruptions of the church of Rome.
† Vaſſalage, whence the attachment of clans to their chief.
‡ Duelling.

Was all thy frighted ear could comprehend?
How frequent by the red inhuman hand,
Yet warm with brothers', huſbands', fathers' blood,
Haſt thou thy matrons and thy virgins ſeen
To violation dragg'd, and mingled death?
What conflagrations, earthquakes, ravage, floods,
Have turn'd thy cities into ſtony wilds,
And ſuccourleſs and bare, the poor remains
Of wretches forth to Nature's common caſt?
Added to theſe, the ſtill continued waſte
Of inbred foes *, that on thy vitals prey,
And, double tyrants, ſeize the very ſoul.
Where hadſt thou treaſures for this rapine all?
Theſe hungry myriads, that thy bowels tore,
Heap'd ſack on ſack, and bury'd in their rage
Wonders of Art? Whence this grey ſcene a mine
Of more than gold becomes and orient gems,
Where Egypt, Greece, and Rome, united glow.
  Here Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, bent
From ancient models to reſtore their arts,
Remain'd. A little trace we how they roſe.
  Amid the hoary ruins Sculpture firſt,
Deep-digging, from the cavern dark and damp,
Their grave for ages, bid her marble race
Spring to new light. Joy ſparkled in her eyes,
And old Remembrance thrill'd in every thought,
As ſhe the pleaſing reſurrection ſaw.

* The Hierarchy.

In leaning ſite, reſpiring from his toils,
The well-known hero *, who delivered Greece,
His ample cheſt, all tempeſted with force,
Unconquerable rear'd. She ſaw the head,
Breathing the hero, ſmall, of Grecian ſize,
Scarce more extenſive than the ſinewy neck;
The ſpreading ſhoulders, muſcular, and broad;
The whole a maſs of ſwelling ſinews, touch'd
Into harmonious ſhape; ſhe ſaw, and joy'd.
The yellow hunter, Meleager, rais'd
His beauteous front, and thro' the finiſh'd whole
Shows what ideas ſmil'd of old in Greece.
Of raging aſpect, ruſh'd impetuous forth
The Gladiator †. Pityleſs his look,
And each keen ſinew brac'd, the ſtorm of war,
Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns.
The Dying Other ‡ from the gloom ſhe drew.
Supported on his ſhorten'd arm he leans,
Prone agonizing; with incumbent fate
Heavy declines his head, yet dark beneath
The ſuffering feature ſullen Vengeance lowrs,
Shame, indignation, unaccompliſh'd rage,
And ſtill the cheated eye expects his fall.
All conqueſt-fluſh'd, from proſtrate Python came
The Quivered God ‖. In graceful act he ſtands,
His arm extended with the ſlackened bow.

* The Hercules of Farneſe. † The Fighting Gladiator.
‡ The Dying Gladiator. ‖ The Apollo of Belvidere.

Light flows his eaſy robe, and fair diſplays
A manly-ſoftened form. The bloom of gods
Seems youthful o'er the beardleſs cheek to wave:
His features yet heroic ardour warms;
And ſweet ſubſiding to a native ſmile,
Mixt with the joy elating conqueſt gives,
A ſcatter'd frown exalts his matchleſs air.
On Flora mov'd, her full-proportion'd limbs
Riſe thro' the mantle fluttering in the breeze.
The Queen of Love * aroſe, as from the deep
She ſprung in all the melting pomp of charms.
Baſhful ſhe bends, her well-taught look aſide
Turns in enchanting guiſe, where dubious mix
Vain conſcious beauty, a diſſembled ſenſe
Of modeſt ſhame, and ſlippery looks of love.
The gazer grows enamour'd, and the ſtone,
As if exulting in its conqueſt, ſmiles.
So turn'd each limb, ſo ſwell'd with ſoftening art,
That the deluded eye the marble doubts.
At laſt her utmoſt Maſterpiece † ſhe found,
That Maro fir'd ‡; the miſerable ſire,
Wrapt with his ſons in Fate's ſevereſt graſp.
The ſerpents, twiſting round, their ſtringent folds
Inextricable tie. Such paſſion here!
Such agonies! ſuch bitterneſs of pain!

* The Venus of Medici.
† The group of Laocoon and his two ſons, deſtroyed by two ſerpents.
‡ See Æneid II. ver. 199,—227.

Seem ſo to tremble thro' the tortur'd ſtone,
That the touch'd heart engroſſes all the view.
Almoſt unmark'd the beſt proportions paſs
That ever Greece beheld; and, ſeen alone,
On the rapt eye th' imperious paſſions ſeize;
The father's double pangs, both for himſelf
And ſons convuls'd; to Heaven his rueful look,
Imploring aid, and half-accuſing, caſt;
His fell deſpair with indignation mixt,
As the ſtrong-curling monſters from his ſide
His full-extended fury cannot tear.
More tender touch'd, with varied art, his ſons
All the ſoft rage of younger paſſions ſhow:
In a boy's helpleſs fate one ſinks oppreſs'd,
While, yet unpierc'd, the frighted other tries
His foot to ſteal out of the horrid twine.
  She bore no more, but ſtraight from Gothic ruſt
Her chiſſel clear'd, and duſt and fragments drove
Impetuous round *. Succeſſive as it went
From ſon to ſon, with more enlivening touch,
From the brute rock it call'd the breathing form,
Till, in a legiſlator's awful grace
Dreſs'd, Buonaroti bid a Moſes † riſe,
And, looking love immenſe, a Saviour God †.

* It is reported of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, the moſt celebrated maſter in modern ſculpture, that he wrought with a kind of inſpiration, or enthuſiaſtical fury, which produced the effect here mentioned.

† Eſteemed the two fineſt pieces of modern ſculpture.

Of theſe obſervant, Painting felt the fire
Burn inward. Then ecſtatic ſhe diffus'd
The canvaſs, ſeiz'd the pallet, with quick hand
The colours brew'd, and on the void expanſe
Her gay creation pour'd, her mimic world.
Poor was the manner of her eldeſt race,
Barren, and dry, juſt ſtruggling from the taſte,
That had for ages ſcar'd in cloiſters dim
The ſuperſtitious herd; yet glorious then
Were deem'd their works, where undevelop'd lay
The future wonders that enrich'd mankind,
And a new light and grace o'er Europe caſt.
Arts gradual gather ſtreams. Enlarging this
To each his portion of her various gifts
The goddeſs dealt, to none indulging all;
No, not to Raphael. At kind diſtance ſtill
Perfection ſtands, like Happineſs, to tempt
Th' eternal chaſe. In elegant deſign
Improving Nature, in ideas fair,
Or great, extracted from the fine antique;
In attitude, expreſſion, airs divine,
Her ſons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.
To thoſe of Venice ſhe the magic art
Of colours melting into colours gave.
Theirs, too, it was by one embracing maſs
Of light and ſhade, that ſettles round the whole,
Or varies tremulous from part to part,
O'er all a binding harmony to throw,

To raiſe the picture and repoſe the ſight.
The Lombard ſchool * ſucceeding mingled both.
  Mean time dread fanes and palaces around
Rear'd the magnific front. Muſic again
Her univerſal language of the heart
Renew'd; and, riſing from the plaintive vale,
To the full concert ſpread, and ſolemn quire.
  Even bigots ſmil'd, to their protection took
Arts not their own, and from them borrow'd pomp:
For in a tyrant's garden theſe a while
May bloom, tho' Freedom be their parent ſoil.
  And now confeſt, with gently-growing gleam
The morning ſhone, and weſtward ſtream'd its light.
The Muſe awoke. Not ſooner on the wing
Is the gay bird of dawn: artleſs her voice,
Untaught, and wild, yet warbling thro' the woods
Romantic lays: but as her northern courſe
She, with her tutor Science, in My train
Ardent purſu'd, her ſtrains more noble grew;
While Reaſon drew the plan, the Heart inform'd
The moral page, and Fancy lent it grace.
  Rome and her circling deſerts caſt behind,
I paſs'd not idle to my great ſojourn.
  On Arno's fertile plain †, where the rich vein
Luxuriant o'er Etrurian mountains roves,
Safe in the lap repos'd of private bliſs,

* The ſchool of the Caracci.
† The river Arno runs through Florence.

I ſmall republics rais'd *. Thrice happy they!
Had ſocial Freedom bound their peace, and Arts,
Inſtead of ruling Power, ne'er meant for them,
Employ'd their little cares, and ſav'd their fate.
Beyond the rugged Apennines, that roll
Far thro' Italian bounds their wavy tops,
My path, too, I with public bleſſings ſtrow'd;
Free ſtates and cities, where the Lombard plain,
In ſpite of culture negligent and groſs,
From her deep boſom pours unbidden joys,
And green o'er all the land a garden ſpreads.
The barren rocks themſelves, beneath my foot,
Relenting bloom'd on the Ligurian ſhore.
Thick-ſwarming people there † like emmets ſeiz'd,
Amid ſurrounding cliffs, the ſcatter'd ſpots,
Which Nature left in her deſtroying rage ‡,
Made their own fields, nor ſigh'd for other lands.
There, in white proſpect, from the rocky hill
Gradual deſcending to the ſheltered ſhore,
By Me proud Genoa's marble turrets roſe,
And while My genuine ſpirit warm'd her ſons,
Beneath her Dorias, not unworthy, ſhe

* The republics of Florence, Piſa, Lucca, and Sienna. They formerly have had very cruel wars together, but are now all peaceably ſubject to the Great Duke of Tuſcany, except it be Lucca, which ſtill maintains the form of a republic.

† The Genoeſe territory is reckoned very populous; but the towns and villages, for the moſt part, lie hid among the Apennine rocks and mountains.

‡ According to Dr. Burnet's ſyſtem of the deluge.

Vy'd for the trident of the narrow ſeas,
Ere Britain yet had open'd all the main.
  Nor be the then triumphant ſtate* forgot,
Where, puſh'd from plunder'd earth†, a remnant ſtill,
Inſpir'd by Me, thro' the dark ages kept
Of My old Roman flame ſome ſparks alive:
The ſeeming god-built city! which My hand
Deep in the boſom fix'd of wondering ſeas.
Aſtoniſh'd mortals ſail'd, with pleaſing awe,
Around the ſea-girt walls, by Neptune fenc'd,
And down the briny ſtreet, where on each hand,
Amazing ſeen amid unſtable waves,
The ſplendid palace ſhines, and riſing tides,
The green ſteps marking, murmur at the door.
To this fair Queen of Adria's ſtormy gulf,
The mart of nations! long obedient ſeas
Roll'd all the treaſure of the radiant Eaſt;
But now no more. Than one great tyrant worſe
(Whoſe ſhar'd oppreſſion lightens as diffus'd),
Each ſubject tearing, many tyrants roſe;
The leaſt the proudeſt. Join'd in dark cabal,
They, jealous, watchful, ſilent, and ſevere,
Caſt o'er the whole indiſſoluble chains:

* Venice was the moſt flouriſhing city in Europe, with regard to trade, before the paſſage to the Eaſt-Indies by the Cape of Good Hope, and America, were diſcovered.

† Thoſe who fled to ſome marſhes in the Adriatic gulf, from the deſolation ſpread over Italy by an irruption of the Huns, firſt founded there this famous city, about the beginning of the fifth century.

The ſofter ſhackles of luxurious eaſe
They likewiſe added, to ſecure their ſway.
Thus Venice fainter ſhines, and Commerce thus,
Of toil impatient, flags the drooping ſail:
Burſting, beſides, his ancient bounds, he took
A larger circle *, found another ſeat †,
Opening a thouſand ports, and, charm'd with toil,
Whom nothing can diſmay, far other ſons.
The mountains, then, clad with eternal ſnow,
Confeſſed My power. Deep as the rampant rocks,
By Nature thrown inſuperable round,
I planted there a League of friendly ſtates ‡,
And bade plain Freedom their ambition be.
There in the vale, where rural Plenty fills,
From lakes, and meads, and furrow'd fields, her horn,
Chief where the Leman ‖ pure emits the Rhone,
Rare to be ſeen! unguilty cities riſe,
Cities of brothers form'd; while equal life,
Accorded gracious with revolving power,
Maintains them free, and in their happy ſtreets
Nor cruel deed nor miſery is known:
For valour, faith, and innocence of life,
Renown'd, a rough laborious people, there,
Not only give the dreadful Alps to ſmile,
And preſs their culture on retiring ſnows,
But, to firm order train'd and patient war,

* The main ocean. † Great-Britain. ‡ The Swiſs Cantons.
‖ Geneva, ſituated on the *Lacus Lemanus*, a ſmall ſtate, but noble example of the bleſſings of civil and religious liberty.

They likewiſe know, beyond the nerve remiſs
Of mercenary force, how to defend
The taſteful little their hard toil has earn'd,
And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy.
Even, cheer'd by Me, their ſhaggy mountains charm,
More than or Gallic or Italian plains,
And ſickening Fancy oft', when abſent long,
Pines to behold their Alpine views again *:
The hollow-winding ſtream, the vale, fair-ſpread
Amid an amphitheatre of hills,
Whence, vapour-wing'd, the ſudden tempeſt ſprings;
From ſteep to ſteep aſcending, the gay train
Of fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic ſhapes;
The flitting cloud, againſt the ſummit daſh'd,
And, by the ſun illumin'd, pouring bright
A gemmy ſhower; hung o'er amazing rocks,
The mountain-aſh, and ſolemn-ſounding pine;
The ſnow-fed torrent, in white mazes, toſs'd
Down to the clear ethereal lake below;
And, high o'ertopping all the broken ſcene,
The mountain fading into ſky, where ſhines
On winter Winter ſhivering, and whoſe top
Licks from their cloudy magazine the ſnows.
From theſe deſcending, as I wav'd my courſe
O'er vaſt Germania, the ferocious nurſe

* The Swiſs, after having been long abſent from their native country, are ſeized with ſuch a violent deſire of ſeeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languiſhing indiſpoſition, called The Swiſs ſickneſs.

Of hardy men and hearts affronting death,
I gave ſome favour'd cities * there to lift
A nobler brow, and thro' their ſwarming ſtreets,
More buſy, wealthy, cheerful, and alive,
In each contented face to look My ſoul.
  Thence the loud Baltic paſſing, black with ſtorm,
To wintry Scandinavia's utmoſt bound,
There I the manly race †, the parent-hive
Of the mixt kingdoms, form'd into a ſtate
More regularly free. By keener air
Their genius purg'd, and temper'd hard by froſt,
Tempeſt and toil their nerves, the ſons of thoſe
Whoſe only terror was a bloodleſs death ‡,
They, wiſe, and dauntleſs, ſtill ſuſtain My cauſe.
Yet there I fix'd not: turning to the South,
The whiſpering zephyrs ſigh'd at my delay.
  Here, with the ſhifted Viſion, burſt my joy.
"O the dear proſpect! O majeſtic view!
"See Britain's Empire! Lo! the watry vaſt
"Wide-waves, diffuſing the cerulean plain.
"And now, methinks, like clouds at diſtance ſeen,
"Emerging white from deeps of ether, dawn
"My kindred cliffs; whence, wafted in the gale,
"Ineffable, a ſecret ſweetneſs breathes.
"Goddeſs! forgive—My heart, ſurpris'd, o'erflows
"With filial fondneſs for the land you bleſs."
As parents to a child complacent deign

* The Hans towns. † The Swedes. ‡ See note on ver. 678.

Approvance, the celeſtial Brightneſs ſmil'd;
Then thus—As o'er the wave-reſounding deep,
To My near reign, the happy Iſle, I ſteer'd
With eaſy wing, behold! from ſurge to ſurge
Stalk'd the tremendous Genius of the Deep;
Around him clouds, in mingled tempeſt, hung,
Thick-flaſhing meteors crown'd his ſtarry head,
And ready thunder redden'd in his hand,
Or from it ſtream'd compreſt the gloomy cloud.
Where'er he look'd the trembling waves recoil'd:
He needs but ſtrike the conſcious flood, and ſhook
From ſhore to ſhore, in agitation dire,
It works his dreadful will. To Me his voice
(Like that hoarſe blaſt that round the cavern howls
Mixt with the murmurs of the falling main)
Addreſs'd, began—" By Fate commiſſion'd, go,
" My Siſter Goddeſs, now, to yon' bleſt Iſle,
" Henceforth the partner of my rough domain.
" All my dread walks to Britons open lie.
" Thoſe that refulgent, or with roſy morn
" Or yellow evening flame; thoſe that profuſe,
" Drunk by equator ſuns, ſeverely ſhine;
" Or thoſe that, to the poles approaching, riſe
" In billows rolling into Alps of ice:
" Even yet, untouch'd by daring keel, be theirs
" The vaſt Pacific, that on other worlds,
" Their future conqueſt, rolls reſounding tides.
" Long I maintain'd, inviolate, my reign;

"Nor Alexanders me, nor Cæſars, brav'd.
"Still in the crook of ſhore, the coward ſail
"Till now low-crept, and peddling Commerce ply'd
"Between near-joining lands. For Britons, chief,
"It was reſerv'd, with ſtar-directed prow
"To dare the middle deep, and drive aſſur'd
"To diſtant nations thro' the pathleſs main.
"Chief for their fearleſs hearts the glory waits,
"Long months from land, while the black ſtormy
"Around them rages, on the groaning maſt [night
"With unſhook knee to know their giddy way;
"To ſing, unquell'd, amid the laſhing wave;
"To laugh at danger. Theirs the triumph be,
"By deep Invention's keen pervading eye,
"The heart of Courage, and the hand of Toil,
"Each conquer'd ocean ſtaining with their blood,
"Inſtead of treaſure robb'd by ruffian War,
"Round ſocial earth to circle fair exchange,
"And bind the nations in a golden chain.
"To theſe I honour'd ſtoop. Ruſhing to light
"A race of men behold! whoſe daring deeds
"Will in renown exalt my nameleſs plains
"O'er thoſe of fabling Earth, as her's to mine
"In terror yield. Nay, could my ſavage heart
"Such glories check, their unſubmitting ſoul
"Would all my fury brave, my tempeſt climb,
"And might in ſpite of me my kingdom force."
Here, waiting no reply, the ſhadowy Power

Eas'd the dark ſky, and to the deeps return'd;
While the loud thunder rattling from his hand,
Auſpicious, ſhook opponent Gallia's ſhore.
  Of this encounter glad, My way to land
I quick purſu'd, that from the ſmiling ſea
Receiv'd Me joyous. Loud acclaims were heard,
And muſic, more than mortal, warbling, fill'd
With pleas'd aſtoniſhment the lab'ring hind,
Who for a while th' unfiniſh'd furrow left,
And let the liſtening ſteer forget his toil.
Unſeen by groſſer eye, Britannia breath'd,
And her aërial train, theſe ſounds of joy;
For of old time, ſince firſt the ruſhing flood,
Urg'd by Almighty pow'r, this favour'd Iſle
Turn'd flaſhing from the continent aſide,
Indented ſhore to ſhore reſponſive ſtill,
Its guardian ſhe—The goddeſs whoſe ſtaid eye
Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn.
Her treſſes, like a flood of ſoftened light,
Thro' clouds imbrown'd, in waving circles play.
Warm on her cheek ſits Beauty's brighteſt roſe.
Of high demeanour, ſtately, ſhedding grace
With every motion. Full her riſing cheſt;
And new ideas, from her finiſh'd ſhape,
Charm'd Sculpture taking, might improve her art.
Such the fair guardian of an Iſle that boaſts,
Profuſe as vernal blooms, the faireſt dames.
High-ſhining on the promontory's brow,

Awaiting Me, ſhe ſtood; with hope inflam'd,
By My mixt ſpirit burning in her ſons,
To firm, to poliſh, and exalt the ſtate.
The native Genii round her radiant ſmil'd.
Courage, of ſoft deportment, aſpect calm,
Unboaſtful, ſuffering long, and, till provok'd,
As mild and harmleſs as the ſporting child;
But, on juſt reaſon, once his fury rous'd,
No lion ſprings more eager to his prey:
Blood is a paſtime! and his heart, elate,
Knows no depreſſing fear. That Virtue known
By the relenting look, whoſe equal heart
For others feels, as for another ſelf:
Of various name, as various objects wake,
Warm into action the kind ſenſe within;
Whether the blameleſs poor, the nobly maim'd,
The loſt to reaſon, the declin'd in life,
The helpleſs young that kiſs no mother's hand,
And the gray ſecond infancy of age,
She gives in public families to live,
A ſight to gladden Heaven! whether ſhe ſtands
Fair beck'ning at the hoſpitable gate,
And bids the ſtranger take repoſe and joy;
Whether, to ſolace honeſt labour, ſhe
Rejoices thoſe that make the land rejoice;
Or whether to Philoſophy and Arts
(At once the baſis and the finiſh'd pride
Of government and life) ſhe ſpreads her hand,

Nor knows her gift profuse, nor seems to know,
Doubling her bounty, that she gives at all.
Justice to these her awful presence join'd,
The mother of the state! No low revenge,
No turbid passions in her breast ferment;
Tender, serene, compassionate of vice,
As the last woe that can afflict mankind,
She punishment awards; yet of the good
More piteous still, and of the suffering whole,
Awards it firm. So fair her just decree,
That, in his judging peers, each on himself
Pronounces his own doom. O happy land!
Where reigns alone this justice of the Free!
'Mid the bright group Sincerity his front,
Diffusive, rear'd; his pure untroubled eye,
The fount of truth. The thoughtful Power, apart,
Now, pensive, cast on earth his fix'd regard,
Now, touch'd celestial, launch'd it on the sky.
The Genius he whence Britain shines supreme,
The land of light, and rectitude of mind.
He, too, the fire of Fancy feeds intense,
With all the train of passions thence deriv'd;
Not kindling quick, a noisy transient blaze,
But gradual, silent, lasting, and profound.
Near him Retirement, pointing to the shade,
And Independence, stood: the generous pair
That simple life, the quiet-whispering grove,
And the still raptures of the free-born soul,

To cates prefer by Virtue bought, not earn'd;
Proudly prefer them to the ſervile pomp,
And to the heart-embitter'd joys, of ſlaves.
Or ſhould the latter, to the public ſcene
Demanded, quit his ſylvan friend a-while,
Nought can his firmneſs ſhake, nothing ſeduce
His zeal, ſtill active for the common-weal;
Nor ſtormy tyrants, nor Corruption's tools,
Foul miniſters, dark-working by the force
Of ſecret-ſapping gold. All their vile arts,
Their ſhameful honours, their perfidious gifts,
He greatly ſcorns; and if he muſt betray
His plunder'd country, or his power reſign,
A moment's parley were eternal ſhame:
Illuſtrious into private life again,
From dirty levees he unſtain'd aſcends,
And firm in ſenates ſtands the patriot's ground,
Or draws new vigour in the peaceful ſhade.
Aloof the baſhful Virtue hover'd coy,
Proving by ſweet diſtruſt diſtruſted worth:
Rough Labour clos'd the train; and in his hand
Rude, callous, ſinew-ſwell'd, and black with toil,
Came manly Indignation. Sour he ſeems,
And more than ſeems, by lawleſs pride aſſail'd;
Yet kind at heart, and juſt, and generous, there
No vengeance lurks, no pale inſidious gall:
Even in the very luxury of rage,
He, ſoft'ning, can forgive a gallant foe;

The nerve, ſupport, and glory of the land!
Nor be Religion, rational and free,
Here paſs'd in ſilence, whoſe enraptur'd eye
Sees heaven with earth connected, human things
Link'd to divine; who not from ſervile fear,
By rites for ſome weak tyrant incenſe fit,
The God of Love adores, but from a heart
Effuſing gladneſs, into pleaſing awe
That now aſtoniſh'd ſwells, now in a calm
Of fearleſs confidence that ſmiles ſerene;
That lives devotion, one continual hymn,
And then moſt grateful, when Heaven's bounty moſt
Is right enjoy'd. This ever-cheerful Power
O'er the rais'd circle ray'd ſuperior day.
  I joy'd to join the Virtues whence My reign
O'er Albion was to riſe. Each cheering each,
And, like the circling planets from the ſun,
All borrowing beams from Me, a heighten'd zeal
Impatient fir'd us to commence our toils,
Or pleaſures rather. Long the pungent time
Paſs'd not in mutual hails, but thro' the land
Darting our light, we ſhone the fogs away.
  The Virtues conquer with a ſingle look.
Such grace, ſuch beauty, ſuch victorious light,
Live in their preſence, ſtream in every glance,
That the ſoul won, enamour'd, and refin'd,
Grows their own image, pure ethereal flame.
Hence the foul Demons, that oppoſe our reign,

Would ſtill from us deluded mortals wrap,
Or in groſs ſhades they drown the viſual ray,
Or by the fogs of Prejudice, where mix
Falſehood and Truth confounded, ſoil the ſenſe
With vain refracted images of bliſs.
But chief around the court of flatter'd kings
They roll the duſky rampart, wall o'er wall
Of darkneſs pile, and with their thickeſt ſhade
Secure the throne. No ſavage Alp, the den
Of wolves, and bears, and monſtrous things obſcene,
That vex the ſwain and waſte the country round,
Protected lies beneath a deeper cloud:
Yet there We ſometimes ſend a ſearching ray:
As at the ſacred opening of the morn
The prowling race retire, ſo, pierc'd ſevere,
Before our potent blaze theſe Demons fly,
And all their works diſſolve.—The whiſpered Tale
That like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows;
Fair-fac'd Deceit, whoſe wily conſcious eye
Ne'er looks direct; the Tongue that licks the duſt,
But, when it ſafely dares, as prompt to ſting;
Smooth crocodile Deſtruction, whoſe fell tears
Enſnare; the Janus face of courtly Pride,
One to ſuperiors heaves ſubmiſſive eyes,
On hapleſs Worth the other ſcowls diſdain;
Cheeks that for ſome weak tenderneſs, alone,
Some virtuous ſlip, can wear a bluſh; the Laugh
Profane, when midnight bowls diſcloſe the heart,

At ſtarving Virtue, and at Virtue's fools;
Determin'd to be broke, the plighted Faith;
Nay, more, the Godleſs Oath, that knows no tie;
Soft-buzzing Slander; ſilky moths, that eat
An honeſt name; the harpy hand and maw
Of avaricious Luxury, who makes
The throne his ſhelter, venal laws his fort,
And, by his ſervice, who betrays his king.
  Now turn your view, and mark, from Celtic* night
To preſent grandeur, how My Britain roſe.
  Bold were thoſe Britons who, the careleſs ſons
Of Nature, roam'd the foreſt-bounds, at once
Their verdant city, high-embowering fane,
And the gay circle of their wood-land wars;
For by the Druid taught †, that death but ſhifts
The vital ſcene, they that prime fear deſpis'd;
And, prone to ruſh on ſteel, diſdain'd to ſpare
An ill-ſav'd life that muſt again return.
Erect from Nature's hand, by tyrant Force,
And ſtill more tyrant Cuſtom, unſubdu'd,
Man knows no maſter ſave creating Heaven,
Or ſuch as choice and common good ordain.
This general ſenſe, with which the nations I
Promiſcuous fire, in Britons burn'd intenſe,
Of future times prophetic. Witneſs Rome!
Who ſaw'ſt thy Cæſar, from the naked land,

* Great-Britain was peopled by the Celtae or Gauls.

† The Druids, among the ancient Gauls and Britons, had the care and direction of all religious matters.

Whofe only fort was Britifh hearts, repell'd,
To feek Pharfalian wreaths. Witnefs the toil,
The blood of ages, bootlefs to fecure,
Beneath an Empire's yoke *, a ftubborn Ifle,
Difputed hard, and never quite fubdu'd.
The North † remain'd untouch'd, where thofe who
To ftoop retir'd; and to their keen effort [fcorn'd
Yielding at laft, recoil'd the Roman power.
In vain, unable to fuftain the fhock,
From fea to fea defponding legions rais'd
The wall immenfe ‡, and yet, on fummer's eve,
While fport his lambkins round, the fhepherd's gaze.
Continual o'er it burft the northern ftorm ‖,
As often check'd, receded, threatening hoarfe
A fwift return. But the devouring flood
No more endur'd controul, when, to fupport
The laft remains of empire §, was recall'd
The weary Roman, and the Briton lay
Unnerv'd, exhaufted, fpiritlefs, and funk.
Great proof how men enfeeble into flaves!
The fword behind him flafh'd; before him roar'd,

* The Roman Empire.

† Caledonia, inhabited by the Scots and Picts, whither a great many Britons, who would not fubmit to the Romans, retired.

‡ The wall of Severus, built upon Adrian's rampart, which ran for eighty miles quite acrofs the country from the mouth of the Tyne to Solway-Frith.

‖ Irruptions of the Scots and Picts.

§ The Roman Empire being miferably torn by the northern nations, Britain was for ever abandoned by the Romans in the year 426 or 427.

Deaf to his woes, the deep*. Forlorn, around
He roll'd his eye, not ſparkling ardent flame,
As when Caractacus † to battle led
Silurian ſwains, and Boadicea ‡ taught
Her raging troops the miſeries of ſlaves.
Then (ſad relief!) from the bleak coaſt that hears
The German ocean roar, deep-blooming, ſtrong,
And yellow-hair'd, the blue-ey'd Saxon came.
He came implor'd, but came with other aim
Than to protect: for conqueſt and defence
Suffices the ſame arm. With the fierce race
Pour'd in a freſh invigorating ſtream,
Blood where, unquell'd, a mighty ſpirit glow'd:
Raſh war and perilous battle their delight;
And immature, and red with glorious wounds,
Unpeaceful death their choice ‖; deriving thence
A right to feaſt, and drain immortal bowls,

* The Britons, applying to Aetius the Roman general for aſſiſtance, thus expreſſed their miſerable condition:—"We "know not which way to turn us. The Barbarians drive us "to ſea, and the ſea forces us back to the Barbarians; between "which we have only the choice of two deaths, either to be "ſwallowed up by the waves, or butchered by the ſword."

† King of the Silures, famous for his great exploits, and accounted the beſt general Great-Britain had ever produced. The Silures were eſteemed the braveſt and moſt powerful of all the Britons; they inhabited Herefordſhire, Radnorſhire, Brecknockſhire, Monmouthſhire, and Glamorganſhire.

‡ Queen of the Iceni. Her ſtory is well known.

‖ It is certain that an opinion was fixed and general among them (the Goths) that death was but the entrance into another life; that all men who lived lazy and unactive lives, and died natural deaths, by ſickneſs or by age, went into vaſt caves under ground, all dark and miry, full of noiſome creatures

In Odin's hall, whoſe blazing roof reſounds
The genial uproar of thoſe ſhades who fall
In deſperate fight, or by ſome brave attempt;
And tho' more poliſh'd times the martial creed
Diſown, yet ſtill the fearleſs habit lives.
Nor were the ſurly gifts of war their all:
Wiſdom was likewiſe theirs, indulgent Laws,
The calm gradations of art-nurſing Peace,
And matchleſs Orders, the deep baſis ſtill
On which aſcends my Britiſh reign. Untam'd
To the refining ſubtleties of ſlaves,
They brought an happy government along,
Form'd by that Freedom which, with ſecret voice,
Impartial Nature teaches all her ſons,
And which of old thro' the whole Scythian maſs
I ſtrong inſpir'd. Monarchical their ſtate,
But prudently confin'd, and mingled wiſe
Of each harmonious power, only too much
Imperious War into their rule infus'd,
Prevail'd the General-king, and Chieftain-thanes.

uſual to ſuch places, and there for ever grovelled in endleſs ſtench and miſery. On the contrary, all who gave themſelves to warlike actions and enterprizes, to the conqueſt of their neighbours, and the ſlaughter of their enemies, and died in battle, or of violent deaths upon bold adventures or reſolutions, went immediately to the vaſt hall or palace of Odin, their God of War, who eternally kept open houſe for all ſuch gueſts, where they were entertained at infinite tables, in perpetual feaſts and mirth, carouſing in bowls made of the ſculls of their enemies they had ſlain, according to the number of whom every one in theſe manſions of pleaſure was the moſt honoured and beſt entertained. Sir W. Temple's *Eſſay on Heroic Virtue.*

In many a field, by civil fury ſtain'd,
Bled the diſcordant Heptarchy *, and long
(Educing good from ill) the battle groan'd,
Ere, blood-cemented, Anglo-Saxons ſaw
Egbert † and Peace on one united throne.
No ſooner dawn'd the fair diſcloſing calm
Of brighter days, when, lo! the North anew,
With ſtormy nations black, on England pour'd
Woes the ſevereſt e'er a people felt.
The Daniſh Raven ‡, lur'd by annual prey,
Hung o'er the land inceſſant. Fleet on fleet
Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore
The miſerable coaſt. Before them ſtalk'd,
Far ſeen, the Demon of devouring Flame
Rapine and Murder, all with blood beſmear'd,
Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart;
While cloſe behind them march'd the ſallow Power
Of deſolating Famine, who delights
In graſs-grown cities, and in deſert fields;
And purple-ſpotted Peſtilence, by whom
Ev'n friendſhip ſcar'd, in ſickening horror ſinks
Each ſocial ſenſe and tenderneſs of life.

* The ſeven kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons, conſidered as being united into one common government, under a general in chief, or monarch, and by the means of an aſſembly-general, or *wittenagemot*.

† Egbert, king of Weſſex, who, after having reduced all the other kingdoms of the Heptarchy under his dominion, was the firſt king of England.

‡ A famous Daniſh ſtandard was called Reafan, or Raven. The Danes imagined that before a battle, the Raven wrought upon this ſtandard clapt its wings, or hung down its head, in token of victory or defeat.

Fixing at laſt, the ſanguinary race
Spread from the Humber's loud-reſounding ſhore,
To where the Thames devolves his gentle maze,
And with ſuperior arm the Saxon aw'd.
But Superſtition firſt, and Monkiſh dreams,
And Monk-directed cloiſter-ſeeking kings,
Had ate away his vigour, ate away
His edge of courage, and depreſs'd the ſoul
Of conquering Freedom, which he once reſpir'd.
Thus cruel ages paſs'd, and rare appear'd
White-mantled Peace, exulting o'er the vale,
As when, with Alfred *, from the wilds ſhe came
To polic'd cities and protected plains.
Thus by degrees the Saxon empire ſunk,
Then ſet entire in Haſtings' bloody field †.
 Compendious war! (on Britain's glory bent,
So Fate ordain'd) in that deciſive day
The haughty Norman ſeiz'd at once an Iſle,
For which thro' many a century in vain,
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, had toil'd and bled.
Of Gothic nations this the final burſt;
And mix'd the genius of theſe people all,
Their virtues mix'd in one exalted ſtream,
Here the rich tide of Engliſh blood grew full.

* Alfred the Great, renowned in war, and no leſs famous in peace, for his many excellent inſtitutions, particularly that of juries.

† The battle of Haſtings, in which Harold II. the laſt of the Saxon kings, was ſlain, and William the Conqueror made himſelf maſter of England.

A while My ſpirit ſlept; the land a while,
Affrighted, droop'd beneath deſpotic rage.
Inſtead of Edward's equal gentle laws *,
The furious victor's partial will prevail'd.
All proſtrate lay; and in the ſecret ſhade
Deep ſtung but fearful Indignation gnaſh'd
His teeth. Of freedom, property, deſpoil'd,
And of their bulwark, arms; with caſtles cruſh'd,
With ruffians quarter'd o'er the bridled land,
The ſhivering wretches, at the curfeu † ſound,
Dejected ſhrunk into their ſordid beds,
And thro' the mournful gloom of ancient times
Mus'd ſad, or dreamt of better. Even to feed
A tyrant's idle ſport the peaſant ſtarv'd:
To the wild herd the paſture of the tame,
The cheerful hamlet, ſpiry town, was given,
And the brown foreſt ‡ roughened wide around.
But this ſo dead, ſo vile ſubmiſſion, long
Endur'd not. Gathering force, My gradual flame
Shook off the mountain of tyrannic ſway.
Unus'd to bend, impatient of controul,

* Edward III. the Confeſſor, who reduced the Weſt-Saxon, Mercian, and Daniſh laws into one body, which, from that time, became common to all England, under the name of The laws of Edward.

† The curfeu bell (from the French *couvrefeu*), which was rung every night at eight of the clock, to warn the Engliſh to put out their fires and candles, under the penalty of a ſevere fine.

‡ The New Foreſt in Hampſhire, to make which the country for above thirty miles in compaſs was laid waſte.

Tyrants themſelves the common tyrant check'd.
The Church, by kings intractable and fierce,
Deny'd her portion of the plunder'd ſtate.
Or tempted by the timorous and weak,
To gain new ground, firſt taught their rapine law.
The Barons next a nobler league began;
Both thoſe of Engliſh and of Norman race,
In one fraternal nation blended now,
The nation of the Free! preſs'd by a band
Of patriots*, ardent as the ſummer's noon
That looks delighted on, the tyrant ſee!
Mark! how with feign'd alacrity he bears
His ſtrong reluctance down, his dark revenge,
And gives the Charter by which life, indeed,
Becomes of price, a glory to be man.
Thro' this and thro' ſucceeding reigns affirm'd
Theſe long-conteſted rights, the wholeſome winds
Of Oppoſition hence began to blow †,
And often ſince have lent the country life.
Before their breath Corruption's inſect-blights,
The darkening clouds of evil counſel, fly;
Or ſhould they ſounding ſwell, a putrid court,
A peſtilential miniſtry, they purge,
And ventilated ſtates renew their bloom.

* On the 5th of June 1215, King John, met by the Barons, on Runnemede, ſigned the Great Charter of Liberties, or *Magna Charta*.

† The league formed by the Barons, during the reign of John, in the year 1213, was the firſt confederacy made in England in defence of the nation's intereſt againſt the King.

Tho' with the temper'd monarchy here mix'd
Aristocratic sway, the people still,
Flatter'd by this or that, as interest lean'd,
No full protection knew. For Me reserv'd,
And for My Commons, was that glorious turn.
They crown'd My first attempt, in senates rose*,
The fort of Freedom! Slow, till then, alone,
Had work'd that general Liberty, that soul
Which generous Nature breathes, and which, when left
By Me to bondage was corrupted Rome,
I thro' the Northern nations wide diffus'd:
Hence many a people, fierce with Freedom, rush'd
From the rude iron regions of the North,
To Lybian deserts swarm protruding swarm,
And pour'd new spirit thro' a slavish world.
Yet o'er these Gothic states the king and chiefs
Retain'd the high prerogative of war,
And with enormous property engross'd
The mingled pow'r. But on Britannia's shore,
Now present, I to raise My reign began
By raising the democracy, the third

* The Commons are generally thought to have been first represented in parliament towards the end of Henry the IIId.'s reign. To a parliament called in the year 1264, each county was ordered to send four knights, as representatives of their respective shires; and to a parliament called in the year following, each county was ordered to send, as their representatives, two knights, and each city and borough as many citizens and burgesses. Till then, history makes no mention of them; whence a very strong argument may be drawn to fix the original of the House of Commons to that era.

And broadeſt bulwark of the guarded ſtate.
Then was the full, the perfect, plan diſclos'd
Of Britain's matchleſs Conſtitution, mixt
Of mutual checking and ſupporting powers,
King, Lords, and Commons; nor the name of Free
Deſerving while the Vaſſel-many droop'd:
For ſince the moment of the whole they form,
So, as depreſs'd or rais'd, the balance they
Of public welfare and of glory caſt.
Mark from this period the continual proof.
   When kings of narrow genius, minion-rid,
Neglecting faithful worth for fawning ſlaves,
Proudly regardleſs of their people's plaints,
And poorly paſſive of inſulting foes,
Double, not prudent, obſtinate, not firm,
Their mercy fear, neceſſity their faith,
Inſtead of generous fire, preſumptuous, hot,
Raſh to reſolve, and ſlothful to perform,
Tyrants at once and ſlaves, imperious, mean,
To want rapacious joining ſhameful waſte,
By counſels weak and wicked, eaſy rous'd
To paltry ſchemes of abſolute command,
To ſeek their ſplendour in their ſure diſgrace,
And in a broken ruin'd people wealth;
When ſuch o'ercaſt the ſtate, no bond of love,
No heart, no ſoul, no unity, no nerve,
Combin'd the looſe disjointed public, loſt
To fame abroad, to happineſs at home.

But when an Edward * and an Henry † breath'd
Thro' the charm'd whole one all-exerting soul,
Drawn sympathetic from his dark retreat,
When wide-attracted Merit round them glow'd;
When counsels just, extensive, generous, firm,
Amid the maze of state, determin'd kept
Some ruling point in view; when, on the stock
Of public good and glory grafted, spread
Their palms, their laurels, or, if thence they stray'd,
Swift to return, and patient of restraint;
When regal state, pre-eminence of place,
They scorn'd to deem pre-eminence of ease,
To be luxurious drones, that only rob
The busy hive, as in distinction, power,
Indulgence, honour, and advantage, first;
When they, too, claim'd in virtue, danger, toil,
Superior rank, with equal hand prepar'd
To guard the subject and to quell the foe;
When such with Me their vital influence shed,
No mutter'd grievance, hopeless sigh, was heard
No foul distrust thro' wary senates ran,
Confin'd their bounty, and their ardour quench'd;
On aid, unquestion'd, liberal aid was given;
Safe in their conduct, by their valour fir'd,
Fond where they led victorious armies rush'd;
And Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt ‡ proclaim

* Edward III. † Henry V.
‡ Three famous battles gained by the English over the French.

What kings ſupported by almighty Love,
And people fir'd with Liberty, can do.
 Be veil'd the ſavage reigns *, when kindred rage
The numerous-once Plantagenets devour'd,
A race to vengeance vow'd! and when, oppreſs'd
By private feuds, almoſt extinguiſh'd lay
My quivering flame: but in the next, behold!
A cautious tyrant † lend it oil anew.
 Proud, dark, ſuſpicious, brooding o'er his gold,
As how to fix his throne he jealous caſt
His crafty views around, pierc'd with a ray,
Which on his timid mind I darted full,
He mark'd the Barons of exceſſive ſway,
At pleaſure making and unmaking kings ‡;
And hence, to cruſh theſe petty tyrants, plann'd
A law that let them, by the ſilent waſte
Of luxury, their landed wealth diffuſe ‖,
And with that wealth their implicated power.
By ſoft degrees a mighty change enſu'd,
Even working to this day. With ſtreams deduc'd
From theſe diminiſh'd floods the country ſmil'd:
As when, impetuous from the ſnow-heap'd Alps,
To vernal ſuns relenting, pours the Rhine;
While undivided, oft' with waſteful ſweep,

* During the Civil wars betwixt the families of York and Lancaſter.

† Henry VII.

‡ The famous Earl of Warwick, during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. was called The Kingmaker.

‖ Permitting the Barons to alienate their lands.

He foams along; but thro' Batavian meads,
Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows,
Waters a thousand fields, and culture, trade,
Towns, meadows, gliding ships, and villas mix'd,
A rich, a wondrous landscape, rises round.
His furious son * the soul-enslaving chain †,
Which many a doting venerable age
Had link by link strong-twisted round the land,
Shook off. No longer could be borne a power,
From Heaven pretended, to deceive, to void
Each solemn tie, to plunder without bounds,
To curb the generous soul, to fool mankind;
And, wild at last, to plunge into a sea
Of blood and horror. The returning light,
That first thro' Wickliff ‡ streak'd the priestly gloom,
Now burst in open day. Bar'd to the blaze,
Forth from the haunts of Superstition ‖ crawl'd
Her motley sons, fantastic figures all,
And, wide-dispers'd, their useless fetid wealth
In graceful labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.
Trade, join'd to these, on every sea display'd
A daring canvas, pour'd with every tide
A golden flood. From other worlds ⁜ were roll'd

* Henry VIII. † Of papal dominion.

‡ John Wickliff, Doctor of Divinity, who, towards the close of the fourteenth century, published doctrines very contrary to those of the church of Rome, and particularly denying the Papal authority. His followers grew very numerous, and were called *Lollards*.

‖ Suppression of monasteries. ⁜ The Spanish West-Indies.

The guilty glittering ſtores, whoſe fatal charms,
By the plain Indian happily deſpis'd,
Yet work'd his woe; and to the bliſsful groves,
Where Nature liv'd herſelf among her ſons,
And Innocence and Joy for ever dwelt,
Drew rage unknown to Pagan climes before,
The worſt the zeal-inflam'd Barbarian drew.
Be no ſuch horrid commerce, Britain! thine,
But want for want, with mutual aid, ſupply.
The Commons, thus enrich'd, and powerful grown,
Againſt the Barons weigh'd. Eliza then,
Amid theſe doubtful motions, ſteady gave
The beam to fix. She! like the Secret Eye
That never cloſes on a guarded world,
So ſought, ſo mark'd, ſo ſeiz'd the public good,
That ſelf-ſupported, without one ally,
She aw'd her inward, quell'd her circling foes.
Inſpir'd by Me, beneath her ſheltering arm,
In ſpite of raging univerſal ſway*,
And raging ſeas repreſs'd, the Belgic ſtates,
My bulwark on the continent, aroſe.
Matchleſs in all the ſpirit of her days!
With confidence unbounded, fearleſs love
Elate, her fervent people waited gay,
Cheerful demanded the long-threaten'd Fleet †,

* The dominion of the Houſe of Auſtria.

† The Spaniſh Armada. Rapin ſays, that after proper meaſures had been taken, the enemy was expected with uncommon alacrity.

And dash'd the pride of Spain around their Isle.
Nor ceas'd the British thunder here to rage:
The deep, reclaim'd, obey'd its awful call;
In fire and smoke Iberian ports involv'd,
The trembling foe even to the centre shook
Of their new-conquer'd world, and sculking stole,
By veering winds, their Indian treasure home.
Meantime, peace, plenty, justice, science, arts,
With softer laurels crown'd her happy reign.
As yet uncircumscrib'd the regal power,
And wild and vague Perogative remain'd,
A wide voracious gulf, where swallow'd oft'
The helpless subject lay. This to reduce
To the just limit was My great effort.
By means that evil seem to narrow man,
Superior beings work their mystic will:
From storm and trouble thus a settled calm
At last, effulgent, o'er Britannia smil'd.
The gathering tempest, Heaven-commission'd, came,
Came in the Prince *, who, drunk with flattery, dreamt
His vain pacific counsels rul'd the world;
Tho' scorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a maze
Of fruitless treaties, while at home enslav'd,
And by a worthless crew, insatiate, drain'd,
He lost his people's confidence and love;
Irreparable loss! whence crowns become
An anxious burden. Years inglorious pass'd;

* James I.

Triumphant Spain the vengeful draught enjoy'd;
Abandon'd Frederick * pin'd, and Raleigh bled:
But nothing that to theſe internal broils,
That rancour, he began; while lawleſs Sway
He, with his ſlaviſh Doctors, try'd to rear
On metaphyſic, on enchanted ground †,
And all the mazy quibbles of the ſchools;
As if for one, and ſometimes for the worſt,
Heaven had mankind in vengeance only made.
Vain the pretence! not ſo the dire effect,
The fierce, the fooliſh diſcord thence deriv'd ‡,
That tears the country ſtill, by party-rage
And miniſterial clamour kept alive.
In action weak, and for the wordy war
Beſt fitted, faint this prince purſu'd his claim;
Content to teach the ſubject-herd how great,
How ſacred he! how deſpicable they!
 But his unyielding ſon ‖ theſe doctrines drank,
With all a bigot's rage (who never damps
By reaſoning his fire), and what they taught,
Warm, and tenacious, into practice puſh'd.
Senates, in vain, their kind reſtraint apply'd;

* Elector Palatine, and who had been choſen King of Bohemia, but was ſtript of all his dominions and dignities by the Emperor Ferdinand, while James I. his father-in-law, being amuſed from time to time, endeavoured to mediate a peace.

† The monſtrous and till then unheard of doctrines of divine indefeaſible hereditary right, paſſive obedience, &c.

‡ The parties of Whig and Tory.

‖ Charles I.

The more they ſtruggled to ſupport the laws,
His juſtice-dreading miniſters the more
Drove him beyond their bounds. Tir'd with the check
Of faithful Love, and with the flattery pleas'd
Of falſe deſigning Guilt, the fountain * he
Of public Wiſdom and of Juſtice ſhut.
Wide mourn'd the land. Straight to the voted aid
Free, cordial, large, of never-failing ſource,
Th' illegal impoſition follow'd harſh,
With execration given, or ruthleſs ſqueez'd
From an inſulted people, by a band
Of the worſt ruffians, thoſe of tyrant power.
Oppreſſion walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad
Her unrelenting train: informers, ſpies,
Bloodhounds, that ſturdy Freedom to the grove
Purſue; projectors of aggrieving ſchemes,
Commerce † to load for unprotected ſeas,
To ſell the ſtarving many to the few ‡,
And drain a thouſand ways th' exhauſted land.
Even from that place whence healing peace ſhould
And goſpel truth, inhuman bigots ſhed [flow,
Their poiſon round ||; and on the venal bench,
Inſtead of Juſtice, Party held the ſcale,
And Violence the ſword. Afflicted years,
Too patient, felt at laſt their vengeance full.

* Parliaments. † Ship-Money. ‡ Monopolies.

|| The raging High Church ſermons of theſe times inſpiring at once a ſpirit of ſlaviſh ſubmiſſion to the Court, and of bitter perſecution againſt thoſe whom they call Church and State Puritans.

Mid the low murmurs of ſubmiſſive fear
And mingled rage, My Hampden rais'd his voice,
And to the laws appeal'd; the laws no more
In judgment ſate, behov'd ſome other ear;
When inſtant from the keen reſentive North,
By long oppreſſion, by religion rous'd,
The guardian-army came. Beneath its wing
Was call'd, tho' meant to furniſh hoſtile aid,
The more than Roman ſenate. There a flame
Broke out that clear'd, conſum'd, renew'd the land.
In deep emotion hurl'd, nor Greece, nor Rome,
Indignant burſting from a tyrant's chain,
While, full of Me, each agitated ſoul
Strung every nerve, and flam'd in every eye,
Had e'er beheld ſuch light and heat combin'd!
Such heads and heart! ſuch dreadful zeal, led on
By calm majeſtic Wiſdom, taught its courſe
What nuiſance to devour; ſuch wiſdom fir'd
With unabating zeal, and aim'd ſincere
To clear the weedy ſtate, reſtore the laws,
And for the future to ſecure their ſway.
This, then, the purpoſe of My mildeſt ſons;
But man is blind. A nation once inflam'd
(Chief ſhould the breath of factious Fury blow,
With the wild rage of mad enthuſiaſt ſwell'd)
Not eaſy cools again. From breaſt to breaſt,
From eye to eye, the kindling paſſions mix
In heightened blaze, and, ever wiſe and juſt,

High Heaven to gracious ends directs the ſtorm.
Thus in one conflagration Britain wrapt,
And by Confuſion's lawleſs ſons deſpoil'd,
King, Lords, and Commons, thundering to the ground,
Succeſſive, ruſh'd.—Lo! from their aſhes roſe,
Gay-beaming radiant youth, the Phœnix-ſtate*.
The grevious yoke of vaſſalage, the yoke
Of private life, lay by thoſe flames diſſolv'd;
And from the waſteful, the luxurious king †,
Was purchas'd ‡ that which taught the young to bend.
Stronger reſtor'd, the Commons tax'd the whole,
And built on that eternal rock their power.
The crown, of its hereditary wealth
Deſpoil'd, on Senates more dependant grew,
And they more frequent, more aſſur'd. Yet liv'd,
And in full vigour ſpread that bitter root,
The paſſive doctrines, by their patrons firſt
Oppos'd, ferocious, when they touch themſelves.
This wild deluſive cant, the raſh cabal
Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey,
The bigot, reſtleſs in a double chain
To blind a-new the land, the conſtant need
Of finding faithleſs means, of ſhifting forms,
And flattering ſenates to ſupply his waſte;
Theſe tore ſome moments from the careleſs Prince,
And in his breaſt awak'd the kindred plan.
By dangerous ſoftneſs long he min'd his way;

* At the Reſtoration. † Charles II. ‡ Court of Wards.

By subtle arts, dissimulation deep;
By sharing what Corruption shower'd, profuse;
By breathing wide the gay licentious plague,
And pleasing manners, fitted to deceive.
  At last subsided the delirious joy,
On whose high billow, from the saintly reign,
The nation drove too far. A pension'd king,
Against his country brib'd by Gallic gold,
The port pernicious sold *, the Scylla since,
And fell Charybdis, of the British seas;
Freedom attack'd abroad †, with surer blow
To cut it off at home; the Saviour-League ‡
Of Europe broke; the progress even advanc'd
Of universal sway ‖, which to reduce
Such seas of blood and treasure Britain cost;
The millions, by a generous people given,
Or squander'd vile, or to corrupt, disgrace,
And awe the land with forces not their own †,
Employ'd; the darling Church herself betray'd;
All these, broad glaring, ope'd the general eye,
And wak'd My spirit, the resisting soul.
  Mild was, at first, and half asham'd, the check
Of senates, shook from the fantastic dream
Of absolute submission, tenets vile!
Which slaves would blush to own, and which, reduc'd

* Dunkirk.
† The war, in conjunction with France, against the Dutch.
‡ The Triple Alliance. ‖ Under Lewis XIV.
† A standing army, raised without the consent of parliament.

To practice, always honeſt Nature ſhock.
Not even the maſk remov'd, and the fierce front
Of Tyranny diſclos'd, nor trampled laws,
Nor ſeiz'd each badge of Freedom * thro' the land,
Nor Sidney bleeding for th' unpubliſh'd page,
Nor on the bench avow'd Corruption plac'd,
And murderous Rage itſelf, in Jefferies' form,
Nor endleſs acts of arbitrary power,
Cruel, and falſe, could raiſe the public arm.
Diſtruſtful, ſcattered, of combining chiefs
Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious War,
The patient Public turns not, till impell'd
To the near verge of ruin. Hence I rous'd
The bigot king †, and hurry'd fated on
His meaſures immature. But chief his zeal,
Outflaming Rome herſelf, portentous ſcar'd
The troubled nation: Mary's horrid days
To fancy bleeding roſe, and the dire glare
Of Smithfield lightened in its eyes anew.
Yet ſilence reign'd. Each on another ſcowl'd
Rueful amazement, preſſing down his rage:
As, muſtering vengeance, the deep thunder frowns,
Awfully ſtill, waiting the high command
To ſpring. Straight from his country Europe ſav'd,
To ſave Britannia, lo! my darling ſon,
Than hero more! the patriot of mankind!
Immortal Naſſau came. I huſh'd the deep,

* The charters of corporations. † James II.

By demons rous'd, and bade the liſted winds*,
Still ſhifting as behov'd, with various breath,
Waft the Deliverer to the longing ſhore.
See! wide alive, the foaming Channel † bright
With ſwelling ſails, and all the pride of War,
Delightful view! when Juſtice draws the ſword:
And mark! diffuſing ardent ſoul around,
And ſweet contempt of death, My ſtreaming flag ‡.
Even adverſe navies ‖ bleſs'd the binding gale,
Kept down the glad acclaim, and ſilent joy'd.
Arriv'd, the pomp, and not the waſte of arms,
His progreſs mark'd. The faint oppoſing hoſt +
For once, in yielding their beſt victory found,
And by deſertion prov'd exalted faith;
While his, the bloodleſs conqueſt of the heart,
Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.
  Then dawn'd the period deſtin'd to confine
The ſurge of wild Prerogative, to raiſe

* The Prince of Orange, in his paſſage to England, tho' his fleet had been at firſt diſperſed by a ſtorm, was afterwards extremely favoured by ſeveral changes of wind.

† Rapin, in his hiſtory of England.—The third of November the fleet entered the Channel, and lay by between Calais and Dover, to ſtay for the ſhips that were behind. Here the Prince called a council of war.—It is eaſy to imagine what a glorious ſhow the fleet made. Five or ſix hundred ſhips in ſo narrow a channel, and both the Engliſh and French ſhores covered with numberleſs ſpectators, are no common ſight. For my part, who was then on board the fleet, I own it ſtruck me extremely.

‡ The Prince placed himſelf in the main body, carrying a flag with Engliſh colours, and their Highneſſes' arms ſurrounded with this motto, *The Proteſtant Religion and the Liberties of England*, and underneath the motto of the houſe of Naſſau. *Je maintiendrai*, I will maintain. *Rapin.*

‖ The Engliſh fleet.

+ The King's army.

A mound reſtraining its imperious rage,
And bid the raving deep no farther flow.
Nor where, without that fence, the ſwallow'd ſtate
Better than Belgian plains without their dykes,
Suſtaining weighty ſeas. This, often ſav'd
By more than human hand, the Public ſaw,
And ſeiz'd the white-wing'd moment. Pleas'd to
Deſtructive power, a wiſe heroic prince † [yield*
Even lent his aid.—Thrice happy! did they know
Their happineſs, Britannia's bounded kings.
What tho' not theirs the boaſt, in dungeon-glooms
To plunge bold Freedom? or to cheerleſs wilds
To drive him from the cordial face of friend?
Or fierce to ſtrike him at the midnight hour,
By mandate blind, not Juſtice, that delights
To dare the keeneſt eye of open day?
What tho' no glory to control the laws,
And make injurious will their only rule,
They deem it? What tho', tools of wanton power,
Peſtiferous armies ſwarm not at their call?
What tho' they give not a relentleſs crew
Of Civil Furies proud Oppreſſion's fangs?
To tear at pleaſure the dejected land,
With ſtarving Labour pampering idle Waſte!
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
The guiltleſs tear from lone Affliction's eye!
To raiſe hid Merit, ſet the alluring light

* By the Bill of Rights, and the Act of Succeſſion.
† William III.

Of Virtue high to view; to nouriſh arts,
Direct the thunder of an injur'd ſtate,
Make a whole glorious people ſing for joy,
Bleſs human kind, and thro' the downward depth
Of future times to ſpread that better ſun
Which lights up Britiſh ſoul: for deeds like theſe
The dazzling fair career unbounded lies;
While (ſtill ſuperior bleſs!) the dark abrupt
Is kindly barr'd, the precipice of ill.
Oh! luxury divine! Oh! poor to this,
Ye giddy glories of deſpotic Thrones!
By this, by this indeed, is imag'd Heaven,
By boundleſs good, without the power of ill.
And now, behold! exalted as the cope
That ſwells immenſe o'er many-peopled earth,
And like it free, My fabric ſtands complete,
The Palace of the Laws. To the four heavens
Four gates impartial thrown, unceaſing crowds,
With kings themſelves the hearty peaſant mix'd,
Pour urgent in; and tho' to different ranks
Reſponſive place belongs, yet equal ſpreads
The ſhelt'ring roof o'er all; while Plenty flows,
And glad Contentment echoes round the whole.
Ye Floods! deſcend; ye Winds! confirming, blow;
Nor outward tempeſt nor corroſive time,
Nought but the felon undermining hand
Of dark Corruption, can its frame diſſolve,
And lay the toil of ages in the duſt.

THE PROSPECT.

LIBERTY.

PART V.

The Contents.

AUTHOR addreffes the Goddefs of Liberty, marking the happinefs and grandeur of Great-Britain, as arifing from her influence, to ver. 88. She refumes her difcourfe, and points out the chief virtues which are neceffary to maintain her eftablifhment there, to ver. 374. Recommends, as its laft ornaments and finifhing, Sciences, fine Arts, and public Works. The encouragement of thefe urged from the example of France, though under a defpotic government, to ver. 549. The whole concludes with a profpect of future times, given by the Goddefs of Liberty: this defcribed by the Author, as it paffes in Vifion before him.

HERE interpofing, as the Goddefs paus'd,—
"Oh! bleft Britannia! in thy prefence bleft,
"Thou guardian of mankind! whence fpring, alone,
"All human grandeur, happinefs, and fame:
"For Toil, by thee protected, feels no pain;
"The poor man's lot with milk and honey flows;
"And, gilded with thy rays, even death looks gay.
"Let other lands the potent bleffings boaft
"Of more exalting funs: let Afia's woods,
"Untended, yield the vegetable fleece;
"And let the little infect-artift form,
"On higher life intent, its filken tomb:
"Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, difclofe

"The various-tinctur'd children of the Sun:
"From the prone beam let more delicious fruits
"A flavour drink, that in one piercing taſte
"Bids each combine: let Gallic vineyards burſt
"With floods of joy; with mild balſamic juice
"The Tuſcan olive: let Arabia breathe
"Her ſpicy gales, her vital gums diſtil:
"Turbid with gold, let ſouthern rivers flow,
"And orient floods draw ſoft o'er pearls their maze:
"Let Afric vaunt her treaſures: let Peru
"Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed,
"The yellow traitor that her bliſs betray'd,—
"Unequall'd bliſs!—and to unequall'd rage!
"Yet nor the gorgeous Eaſt nor golden South,
"Nor, in full prime, that new-diſcover'd world,
"Where flames the falling day in wealth and praiſe,
"Shall with Britannia vie, while, Goddeſs! ſhe
"Derives her praiſe from Thee, her matchleſs charms,
"Her hearty fruits the hand of Freedom own;
"And, warm with culture, her thick-cluſt'ring fields
"Prolific teem. Eternal verdure crowns
"Her meads; her gardens ſmile eternal ſpring:
"She gives the hunter-horſe, unquell'd by toil,
"Ardent, to ruſh into the rapid chaſe:
"She, whitening o'er her downs, diffuſive, pours
"Unnumber'd flocks: ſhe weaves the fleecy robe
"That wraps the nations: ſhe to luſty droves
"The richeſt paſture ſpreads; and her's, deep-wave

" Autumnal ſeas of pleaſing plenty round.
" Theſe her delights; and by no baneful herb,
" No darting tiger, no grim lion's glare,
" No fierce-deſcending wolf, no ſerpent roll'd
" In ſpires immenſe progreſſive o'er the land
" Diſturb'd. Enlivening theſe, add cities full
" Of wealth, of trade, of cheerful toiling crowds;
" Add thriving towns; add villages and farms,
" Innumerous ſow'd along the lively vale,
" Where bold unrival'd peaſants happy dwell:
" Add ancient ſeats, with venerable oaks
" Emboſom'd high, while kindred floods below
" Wind thro' the mead; and thoſe of modern hand,
" More pompous, add, that ſplendid ſhine afar.
" Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers, name,
" Where ſwarm the finny race? Thee, chief, O Thames!
" On whoſe each tide, glad with returning ſails,
" Flows in the mingled harveſt of mankind?
" And thee, thou Severn! whoſe prodigious ſwell,
" And waves, reſounding, imitate the main?
" Why need I name her deep capacious ports,
" That point around the world? And why her ſeas?
" All ocean is her own, and every land
" To whom her ruling thunder ocean bears.
" She, too, the mineral feeds: the obedient lead,
" The warlike iron, nor the peaceful leſs,
" Forming of life art-civiliz'd the bond;
" And that the Tyrian merchant ſought of old*,

* Tin.

"Not dreaming then of Britain's brighter fame.
"She rears to Freedom an undaunted race;
"Compatriot zealous, hospitable, kind,
"Her's the warm Cambrian: her's the lofty Scot,
"To hardship tam'd, active in arts and arms,
"Fir'd with a restless an impatient flame,
"That leads him raptur'd where Ambition calls:
"And English Merit her's, where meet, combin'd,
"Whate'er high fancy, sound judicious thought,
"An ample generous heart, undrooping soul,
"And firm tenacious valour, can bestow.
"Great nurse of fruits, of flocks, of commerce, she!
"Great nurse of men; By Thee, O Goddess! taught,
"Her old renown I trace, disclose her source
"Of wealth, of grandeur, and to Britons sing
"A strain the Muses never touch'd before."
"But how shall this Thy mighty Kingdom stand?
"On what unyeilding base? how finish'd shine?"
At this her eye, collecting all its fire,
Beam'd more than human; and her awful voice
Majestic thus she rais'd.—"To Britons bear
"This closing strain, and with intenser note
"Loud let it sound in their awaken'd ear."
On Virtue can alone My Kingdom stand,
On Public Virtue, every Virtue join'd,
For lost this social cement of mankind,
The greatest empires, by scarce-felt degrees,
Will moulder soft away, till, tottering loose,

They prone at laſt to total ruin ruſh.
Unbleſt by Virtue, government a league
Becomes, a circling junto of the great,
To rob by law; religion mild a yoke
To tame the ſtooping ſoul, a trick of ſtate
To maſk their rapine, and to ſhare the prey.
What are without it Senates, ſave a face
Of conſultation deep and reaſon free,
While the determin'd voice and heart are ſold?
What boaſted Freedom, ſave a ſounding name?
And what Election, but a market vile
Of ſlaves ſelf-barter'd? Virtue! without thee
There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in ſtates;
War has no vigour, and no ſafety peace:
Even juſtice warps to party, laws oppreſs,
Wide thro' the land their weak protection fails,
Firſt broke the balance, and then ſcorn'd the ſword.
Thus nations ſink, ſociety diſſolves;
Rapine, and Guile, and Violence, break looſe,
Everting life, and turning love to gall!
Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods
And Libya's hiſſing ſands to him are tame.
  By thoſe three virtues be the frame ſuſtain'd
Of Britiſh Freedom; Independent Life;
Integrity in Office; and, o'er all
Supreme, A Paſſion for the Common-weal.
  Hail, Independence! hail! Heaven's next beſt gift,
To that of life and an immortal ſoul!

The life of life! that to the banquet high
And ſober meal gives taſte; to the bow'd roof
Fair-dream'd repoſe, and to the cottage charms.
Of public Freedom, hail, thou ſecret Source!
Whoſe ſtreams, from every quarter confluent, form
My better Nile, that nurſes human life.
By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous fed,
The private field looks gay, with Nature's wealth
Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight
That Nature craves. Its happy maſter there,
The only Freeman, walks his pleaſing round,
Sweet-featur'd Peace attending, fearleſs Truth,
Firm Reſolution, Goodneſs, bleſſing all
That can rejoice, Contentment, ſureſt friend,
And, ſtill freſh ſtores from Nature's book deriv'd,
Philoſophy, companion ever new.
Theſe cheer his rural, and ſuſtain or fire,
When into action call'd, his buſy hours.
Mean time true judging moderate deſires,
Economy and taſte, combin'd, direct
His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
Secure his little kingdom. Nor can thoſe
Whom Fortune heaps, without theſe Virtues, reach
That truce with pain, that animated eaſe,
That ſelf-enjoyment ſpringing from within,
That Independence, active or retir'd,
Which make the ſoundeſt bliſs of man below;
But, loſt beneath the rubbiſh of their means,

And drain'd by wants to Nature all unknown,
A wandering, taſteleſs, gaily-wretched train,
Tho' rich are beggars, and tho' noble ſlaves.
  Lo! damn'd to wealth, at what a groſs expenſe
They purchaſe diſappointment, pain, and ſhame.
Inſtead of hearty hoſpitable cheer,
See how the hall with brutal riot flows!
While in the foaming flood, fermenting, ſteep'd,
The country maddens into party-rage.
Mark thoſe diſgraceful piles of wood and ſtone,
Thoſe parks and gardens, where, his haunts betrimm'd,
And Nature by preſumptuous Art oppreſs'd,
The woodland Genius mourns. See the full board
That ſteams diſguſt, and bowls that give no joy:
No Truth invited there to feed the mind,
Nor Wit the wine-rejoicing reaſon quaffs.
Hark! how the dome with inſolence reſounds,
With thoſe retain'd by Vanity to ſcare
Repoſe and friends. To tyrant Faſhion mark
The coſtly worſhip paid, to the broad gaze
Of fools. From ſtill deluſive day to day,
Led an eternal round of lying hope,
See, ſelf-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,
Daſh'd o'er the town, a miſerable wreck!
Then to adore ſome warbling eunuch turn'd,
With Midas' ears they crowd; or to the buzz
Of Maſquerade unbluſhing; or, to ſhow
Their ſcorn of Nature, at the Tragic ſcene

They mirthful ſit, or prove the Comic true.
But, chief, behold! around the rattling board,
The civil robbers rang'd; and even the Fair,
The tender Fair! each ſweetneſs laid aſide,
As fierce for plunder as all-licens'd troops
In ſome ſack'd city. Thus diſſolv'd their wealth,
Without one generous luxury diſſolv'd,
Or quarter'd on it many a needleſs want,
At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe;
With fair but faithleſs ſmiles each varniſh'd o'er,
Each ſmooth as thoſe that mutually deceive,
And for their falſehood each deſpiſing each,
Till ſhook their patron by the wintry winds,
Wide flies the withered ſhower, and leaves him bare.
O far ſuperior Afric's ſable ſons,
By merchant pilfer'd, to theſe willing ſlaves!
And rich as unſqueez'd favourite, to them,
Is he who can his Virtue boaſt alone!
Britons! be firm,—nor let Corruption ſly
Twine round your heart indiſſoluble chains!
The ſteel of Brutus burſt the groſſer bonds
By Cæſar caſt o'er Rome; but ſtill remain'd
The ſoft enchanting fetters of the mind,
And other Cæſars roſe. Determin'd, hold
Your Independence! for that once deſtroy'd,
Unfounded, Freedom is a morning-dream,
That flits aërial from the ſpreading eye.
Forbid it, Heaven! that ever I need urge

Integrity in Office on my ſons!
Inculcate common honour—not to rob—
And whom?—the gracious, the confiding hand,
That laviſhly rewards; the toiling poor,
Whoſe cup with many a bitter drop is mixt;
The guardian public; every face they ſee,
And every friend; nay, in effect, themſelves.
As in familiar life the villain's fate
Admits no cure; ſo when a deſperate age
At this arrives, I the devoted race
Indignant ſpurn, and hopeleſs ſoar away.
But, ah! too little known to modern times!
Be not the nobleſt paſſion paſt unſung;
That ray peculiar, from unbounded Love
Effus'd, which kindles the heroic ſoul,
Devotion to the public. Glorious flame!
Celeſtial ardour! in what unknown worlds,
Profuſely ſcatter'd thro' the blue immenſe,
Haſt thou been bleſſing myriads, ſince in Rome,
Old virtuous Rome! ſo many deathleſs names
From Thee their luſtre drew? ſince, taught by Thee
Their poverty put ſplendour to the bluſh,
Pain grew luxurious, and even death delight?
O wilt thou ne'er, in thy long period, look,
With blaze direct, on this my laſt retreat?
'Tis not enough, from ſelf-right underſtood
Reflected, that thy rays inflame the heart;
Tho' Virtue not diſdains appeals to ſelf,

Dreads not the trial, all her joys are true,
Nor is there any real joy fave her's.
Far lefs the tepid, the declaiming race,
Foes to Corruption, to its wages friends,
Or thofe whom private paffions, for a while,
Beneath My ftandard lift, can they fuffice
To raife and fix the glory of My reign?
An active flood of univerfal love
Muft fwell the breaft. Firft, in effufion wide,
The reftlefs fpirit roves creation round,
And feizes every being; ftronger then
It tends to life, whate'er the kindred fearch
Of blifs allys; then, more collected ftill,
It urges human-kind: a paffion grown,
At laft, the central parent-public calls
Its utmoft effort forth, awakes each fenfe,
The comely, grand, and tender. Without this,
This awful pant, fhook from fublimer powers
Than thofe of Self, this heaven-infus'd delight,
This moral gravitation, rufhing prone
To prefs the Public good, My fyftem foon,
Traverfe, to feveral felfifh centres drawn,
Will reel to ruin, while for ever fhut
Stand the bright portals of defponding Fame.
From fordid felf fhoot up no fhining deeds,
None of thofe ancient lights that gladden earth,
Give grace to being, and aroufe the brave
To juft ambition, Virtue's quickening fire;

Life tedious grows, an idly-bustling round,
Fill'd up with actions animal and mean,
A dull gazette! Th' impatient reader scorns
The poor historic page, till kindly comes
Oblivion, and redeems a people's shame.
Not so the times when, emulation-stung,
Greece shone in Genius, Science, and in Arts,
And Rome in virtues dreadful to be told!
To live was glory then! and charm'd mankind,
Thro' the deep periods of devolving time,
Those, raptur'd, copy; these, astonish'd, read.
  True, a corrupted state, with every vice
And every meanness foul, this passion damps.
Who can, unshock'd, behold the cruel eye?
The pale inveigling smile? the ruffian front?
The wretch abandon'd to relentless Self,
Equally vile if miser or profuse?
Powers not of God, assiduous to corrupt?
The fell deputed tyrant, who devours
The poor and weak*, at distance from redress?
Delirious Faction bellowing loud My name?
The false fair-seeming patriot's hollow boast?
A race resolv'd on bondage, fierce for chains,
My sacred rights a merchandise alone
Esteeming, and to work their feeder's will

* Lord Molesworth, in his account of Denmark, says,—It is observed, that in limited monarchies and common-wealths, a neighbourhood to the seat of the government is advantageous to the subjects, whilst the distant provinces are less thriving, and more liable to oppression.

By deeds, a horror to mankind, prepar'd,
As were the dregs of Romulus of old?
Who these, indeed, can undetesting see?—
But who unpitying? To the generous eye
Distress is virtue; and, tho' self-betray'd,
A people struggling with their fate must rouse
The hero's throb. Nor can a land, at once,
Be lost to virtue quite. How glorious, then!
Fit luxury for gods! to save the good,
Protect the feeble, dash bold Vice aside,
Depress the wicked, and restore the frail!
Posterity, besides, the young are pure,
And sons may tinge their father's cheek with shame.
  Should, then, the times arrive (which Heaven avert!)
That Britons bend unnerv'd, not by the force
Of arms, more generous, and more manly, quell'd,
But by Corruption's soul-dejecting arts,
Arts impudent! and gross! by their own gold,
In part bestow'd, to bribe them to give all:
With party raging, or immers'd in sloth,
Should they Britannia's well-fought laurels yield
To slily-conquering Gaul, even from her brow
Let her own naval oak be basely torn,
By such as tremble at the stiffening gale,
And nerveless sink while others sing rejoic'd.
Or (darker prospect! scarce one gleam behind
Disclosing) should the broad corruptive plague
Breathe from the City to the furthest hut

That ſits ſerene within the foreſt-ſhade,
The fever'd people fire, inflame their wants,
And their luxurious thirſt, ſo gathering rage,
That, were a buyer found, they ſtand prepar'd
To ſell their birthright for a cooling draught;
Should ſhameleſs pens for plain Corruption plead,
The hir'd aſſaſſins of the Commonweal!
Deem'd the declaiming rant of Greece and Rome;
Should Public Virtue grow the public ſcoff,
Till Private, failing, ſtaggers thro' the land;
Till round the City looſe mechanic Want,
Dire-prowling nightly, makes the cheerful haunt
Of men more hideous than Numidian wilds,
Nor from its fury ſleeps the vale in peace,
And murders, horrors, perjuries abound;
Nay, till to loweſt deeds the higheſt ſtoop,
The rich, like ſtarving wretches, thirſt for gold,
And thoſe on whom the vernal ſhowers of Heaven
All-bounteous fall, and that prime lot beſtow,
A power to live to Nature and themſelves,
In ſick attendance wear their anxious days,
With fortune joyleſs, and with honours mean.
Mean time, perhaps, profuſion flows around,
The waſte of war, without the works of peace;
No mark of millions in the gulf abſorpt
Of uncreating Vice, none but the rage
Of rous'd Corruption ſtill demanding more:
That very portion which (by faithful ſkill
Employ'd) might make the ſmiling public rear

Her ornamented head, drill'd thro' the hands
Of mercenary tools, ferves but to nurfe
A locuft-band within, and in the bud
Leaves ftarv'd each work of dignity and ufe.
I paint the worft: but fhould thefe times arrive,
If any nobler paffion yet remain,
Let all My fons all parties fling afide,
Defpife their nonfenfe, and together join;
Let Worth and Virtue, fcorning low defpair,
Exerted full, from every quarter fhine,
Commix'd in heightened blaze. Light flafh'd to light,
Moral, or intellectual, more intenfe
By giving glows. As on pure winter's eve,
Gradual, the ftars effulge, fainter, at firft,
They, ftraggling, rife; but when the radiant hoft,
In thick profufion pour'd, fhine out immenfe,
Each cafting vivid influence on each,
From pole to pole a glittering deluge plays,
And worlds above rejoice, and men below.
But why to Britons this fuperfluous ftrain?—
Good-nature, honeft truth, even fomewhat blunt,
Of crooked bafenefs an indignant fcorn,
A zeal unyielding in their country's caufe,
And ready bounty, wont to dwell with them—
Nor only wont—Wide o'er the land diffus'd,
In many a bleft retirement ftill they dwell.
To fofter profpect turn we now the view,
To laurell'd Science, Arts, and Public Works.

That lend My finiſh'd fabric comely pride,
Grandeur and grace. Of ſullen genius he!
Curs'd by the Muſes! by the Graces loath'd!
Who deems beneath the Public's high regard
Theſe laſt enlivening touches of My reign.
However puff'd with power, and gorg'd with wealth,
A nation be! let trade enormous riſe,
Let Eaſt and South their mingled treaſure pour,
Till, ſwell'd impetuous, the corrupting flood
Burſt o'er the City and devour the land;
Yet theſe neglected, theſe recording Arts,
Wealth rots, a nuiſance; and, oblivious ſunk,
That nation muſt another Carthage lie.
If not by them on monumental braſs,
On ſculptur'd marble, on the deathleſs page,
Impreſt, renown had left no trace behind;
In vain, to future times, the ſage had thought,
The legiſlator plann'd, the hero found
A beauteous death, the patriot toil'd in vain:
Th' awarders they of Fame's immortal wreath;
They rouze Ambition, they the mind exalt,
Give great ideas, lovely forms infuſe,
Delight the general eye, and dreſt by them,
The moral Venus glows with double charms.
  Science, My cloſe aſſociate, ſtills attends
Where'er I go. Sometimes in ſimple guiſe
She walks the furrow with ſome Conſul-ſwain,
Whiſpering unletter'd wiſdom to the heart,

Direct; or, ſometimes, in the pompous robe
Of Fancy dreſt, ſhe charms Athenian wits,
And a whole ſapient city round her burns.
Then o'er her brow Minerva's terrors nod.
With Xenophon, ſometimes, in dire extremes,
She breathes deliberate ſoul, and makes retreat *
Unequall'd glory. With the Theban ſage,
Epaminondas, firſt and beſt of men!
Sometimes ſhe bids the deep-embattled hoſt,
Above the vulgar reach reſiſtleſs form'd,
March to ſure conqueſt—never gain'd before †!
Nor on the treacherous ſeas of giddy ſtate
Unſkilful ſhe, when the triumphant tide
Of high-ſwoln Empire wears one boundleſs ſmile,
And the gale tempts to new purſuits of fame,
Sometimes, with Scipio, ſhe collects her ſail,
And ſeeks the bliſsful ſhore of rural eaſe,
Where, but the Aonian maids, no Sirens ſing:
Or ſhould the deep-brew'd tempeſt muttering riſe,
While rocks and ſhoals perfidious lurk around,
With Tully ſhe her wide-reviving light
To ſenates holds, a Catiline confounds,
And ſaves a while from Cæſar ſinking Rome.

* The famous retreat of the Ten thouſand was chiefly conducted by Xenophon.

† Epaminondas, after having beat the Lacedemonians and their allies, in the battle of Leuctra, made an incurſion, at the head of a powerful army, into Laconia. It was now ſix hundred years ſince the Dorians had poſſeſſed this country, and in all that time the face of an enemy had not been ſeen within their territories. *Plutarch in Ageſilaus.*

Such the kind power whoſe piercing eye diſſolves
Each mental fetter, and ſets reaſon free;
For Me inſpiring an enlighten'd zeal,
The more tenacious as the more convinc'd
How happy Freemen, and how wretched Slaves.
To Britons not unknown, to Britons full
The goddeſs ſpreads her ſtores, the ſecret ſoul
That quickens Trade, the breath unſeen that wafts
To them the treaſures of a balanc'd world:
But finer arts (ſave what the Muſe has ſung
In daring flight, above all modern wing)
Neglected droop the head, and Public Works,
Broke by corruption into Private gain,
Not ornament, diſgrace; not ſerve, deſtroy.
  Shall Britons, by their own joint wiſdom rul'd,
Beneath one Royal head, whoſe vital power
Connects, enlivens, and exerts the whole;
In finer arts and Public Works, ſhall they
To Gallia yield? yield to a land that bends,
Depreſt, and broke, beneath the will of one?
Of one who, ſhould th' unkingly thirſt of gold,
Or tyrant paſſions, or ambition, prompt,
Calls locuſt-armies o'er the blaſted land;
Drains from its thirſty bounds the ſprings of wealth,
His own inſatiate reſervoir to fill;
To the lone deſert Patriot-merit frowns,
Or into dungeons Arts, when they their chains,
Indignant, burſting, for their nobler works

All other licence ſcorn but Truth's and Mine.
Oh! ſhame to think! ſhall Britons, in the field
Unconquer'd ſtill, the better laurel loſe?
Even in that monarch's reign * who vainly dreamt,
By giddy power betray'd, and flatter'd pride,
To graſp unbounded ſway; while, ſwarming round,
His armies dar'd all Europe to the field;
To hoſtile hands while treaſure flow'd profuſe,
And, that great ſource of treaſure, ſubjects' blood,
Inhuman ſquander'd, ſicken'd every land;
From Britain, chief, while My ſuperior ſons,
In vengeance ruſhing, daſh'd his idle hopes,
And bade his agonizing heart be low;
Even then, as in the golden calm of peace!
What Public Works, at home, what Arts aroſe!
What various Science ſhone! what Genius glow'd!
'Tis not for me to paint, diffuſive ſhot
O'er fair extents of land, the ſhining Road;
The flood-compelling Arch; the long Canal †
Thro' mountains piercing and uniting ſeas;
The Dome ‡ reſounding ſweet with infant joy,
From Famine ſav'd, or cruel-handed Shame.
And that where Valour counts his noble ſcars ‡;
The land where ſocial pleaſure loves to dwell,
Of the fierce demon, Gothic Duel, freed;
The Robber from his furtheſt foreſt chas'd;

* Lewis XIV. † The canal of Languedoc.

‡ The hoſpitals for Foundlings and Invalids.

The turbid city clear'd, and, by degrees,
Into ſure peace the beſt Police refin'd,
Magnificence, and grace, and decent joy.
Let Gallic bards record how honour'd Arts
And Science, by deſpotic bounty bleſs'd,
At diſtance flouriſh'd from My parent-eye;
Reſtoring ancient taſte how Boileau roſe;
How the big Roman ſoul ſhook, in Corneille,
The trembling ſtage; in elegant Racine,
How the more powerful tho' more humble voice
Of Nature-painting Greece reſiſtleſs breath'd
The whole-awaken'd heart; how Moliere's ſcene,
Chaſtis'd and regular, with well-judg'd wit,
Not ſcatter'd wild, and native humour, grac'd,
Was life itſelf; to public honours rais'd,
How learning in warm ſeminaries* ſpread;
And, more for glory than the ſmall reward,
How Emulation ſtrove; how their pure tongue
Almoſt obtain'd what was deny'd their arms;
From Rome, a while, how Painting, courted long,
With Pouſſin came; ancient Deſign, that lifts
A fairer front, and looks another ſoul;
How the kind Art † that, of unvalu'd price,
The fam'd and only picture eaſy gives,
Refin'd her touch, and thro' the ſhadowed piece,
All the lived ſpirit of the painter pour'd;

* The academies of Sciences, of the *Belles Lettres*, and of Painting.
† Engraving.

Coyeſt of arts, how Sculpture northward deign'd
A look, and bade her Girardon ariſe;
How laviſh Grandeur blaz'd the barren waſte,
Aſtoniſh'd, ſaw the ſudden palace ſwell,
And fountains ſpout amid its arid ſhades;
For leagues, bright viſtas opening to the view,
How foreſts in majeſtic gardens ſmil'd;
How menial Arts, by their gay ſiſters taught,
Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage train'd
In joyous figures o'er the ſilky lawn,
The palace cheer'd, illum'd the ſtory'd wall,
And with the pencil vy'd the glowing loom *.
These laurels, Louis! by the droppings rais'd
Of thy profuſion, its diſhonour ſhade,
And green thro' future times ſhall bind thy brow,
While the vain honours of perfidious war
Wither abhorr'd, or in oblivion loſt.
With what prevailing vigour had they ſhot,
And ſtole a deeper root, by the full tide
Of war-ſunk millions fed? Superior ſtill,
How had they branch'd luxuriant to the ſkies,
In Britain planted, by the potent juice
Of Freedom ſwell'd? Forc'd is the bloom of Arts,
A falſe uncertain ſpring when Bounty gives,
Weak without Me, a tranſitory gleam.
Fair ſhine the ſlippery days, enticing ſkies
Of favour ſmile, and courtly breezes blow,

* The tapeſtry of the Gobelins.

Till Arts, betray'd, truſt to the flattering air
Their tender bloſſom; then malignant riſe
The blights of Envy, of thoſe inſect-clouds
That, blaſting merit, often cover courts:
Nay, ſhould, perchance, ſome kind Mæcenas aid
The doubtful beamings of his prince's ſoul,
His wav'ring ardour fix, and unconfin'd
Diffuſe his warm beneficence around;
Yet death, at laſt, and wintry tyrants, come,
Each ſprig of genius killing at the root.
But when with Me imperial Bounty joins,
Wide o'er the Public blows eternal ſpring,
While mingled autumn every harveſt pours
Of every land; whate'er Invention, Art,
Creating Toil, and Nature, can produce.
Here ceas'd the goddeſs, and her ardent wings,
Dipt in the colours of the heavenly bow,
Stood waving radiance round, for ſudden flight
Prepar'd, when thus, impatient, burſt my prayer:
" Oh! forming Light of life! Oh! better Sun!
" Sun of mankind! by whom the cloudy North,
" Sublim'd, not envies Languedocian ſkies,
" That, unſtain'd ether all, diffuſive ſmile,
" When ſhall we call theſe ancient laurels ours?
" And when Thy work complete?" Straight with her hand,
Celeſtial red, ſhe touch'd my darken'd eyes:
As at the touch of day the ſhades diſſolve,
So quick, methought, the miſty circle clear'd,

That dims the dawn of being here below;
The future ſhone diſclos'd, and, in long view,
Bright riſing eras inſtant ruſh'd to light.
"They come! great Goddeſs! I the times behold,
"The times our fathers, in the bloody field,
"Have earn'd ſo dear, and, not with leſs renown,
"In the warm ſtruggles of the Senate-fight:
"The times I ſee! whoſe glory to ſupply,
"For toiling ages, Commerce round the world
"Has wing'd unnumber'd ſails, and from each land
"Materials heap'd that, well employed, with Rome
"Might vie our grandeur, and with Greece our art.
"Lo! princes I behold, contriving ſtill,
"And ſtill conducting firm ſome brave deſign;
"Kings! that the narrow joyleſs circle ſcorn,
"Burſt the blockade of falſe deſigning men,
"Of treacherous ſmiles, of adulation fell,
"And of the blinding clouds around them thrown,
"Their court rejoicing millions; worth alone,
"And virtue, dear to them; their beſt delight,
"In juſt proportion to give general joy;
"Their jealous care Thy kingdom to maintain;
"The public glory theirs; unſparing love
"Their endleſs treaſure; and, their deeds their praiſe,
"With Thee they work. Nought can reſiſt Your force;
"Life feels it quickening in her dark retreats;
"Strong ſpared the blooms of Genius, Science, Art;
"His baſhful bonds diſcloſing Merit breaks;

" And, big with fruits of glory, Virtue blows
" Expansive o'er the land. Another race
" Of Generous Youth, of Patriot Sires, I see!
" Not those vain insects fluttering in the blaze
" Of court, and ball, and play; those venal souls,
" Corruption's veteran unrelenting bands,
" That, to their vices slaves, can ne'er be free.
" I see the fountain's purg'd, whence life derives
" A clear or turbid flow; see the young mind
" Not fed impure by Chance, by Flattery fool'd,
" Or by Scholastic Jargon bloated proud,
" But fill'd and nourish'd by the light of Truth:
" Then, beam'd thro' fancy the refining ray,
" And pouring on the heart, the passions feel
" At once informing light and moving flame;
" Till moral, public, graceful action, crowns
" The whole. Behold! the fair contention glows,
" In all that mind or body can adorn,
" And form to life. Instead of barren heads,
" Barbarian pedants, wrangling sons of pride,
" And truth-perplexing metaphysic wits,
" Men, Patriots, Chiefs, and Citizens, are form'd.
" Lo! Justice, like the liberal light of Heaven,
" Unpurchas'd shines on all, and from her beam,
" Appalling guilt, retire the savage crew
" That prowl amid the darkness they themselves
" Have thrown around the laws. Oppression grieves;
" See how her Legal Furies bite the lip,

"While Yorks and Talbots their deep ſnares detect,
"And ſeize ſwift Juſtice thro' the clouds they raiſe.
"See! ſocial Labour lifts his guarded head,
"And men not yield to government in vain.
"From the ſure land is rooted ruffian Force,
"And, the lewd nurſe of villains, idle Waſte.
"Lo! raz'd their haunts, down daſh'd their maddening bowl,
"A nation's poiſon! beauteous Order reigns!
"Manly Submiſſion, unimpoſing Toil,
"Trade without guile, Civility that marks,
"From the foul herd of brutal ſlaves, thy ſons,
"And fearleſs Peace. Or ſhould affronting War
"To ſlow but dreadful vengeance rouſe the juſt,
"Unfailing fields of Freemen I behold!
"That know, with their own proper arm, to guard
"Their own bleſt Iſle againſt a leaguing world.
"Deſpairing Gaul her boiling youth reſtrains,
"Diſſolv'd her dream of univerſal ſway.
"The winds and ſeas are Britain's wide domain,
"And not a ſail, but by permiſſion, ſpreads.
"Lo! ſwarming ſouthward on rejoicing ſuns,
"Gay Colonies extend, the calm retreat
"Of undeſerv'd Diſtreſs, the better home
"Of thoſe whom bigots chaſe from foreign lands:
"Not built on rapine, ſervitude, and woe,
"And in their turn ſome petty tyrant's prey;
"But, bound by ſocial Freedom, firm they riſe;

" Such as, of late, an Oglethorpe has form'd,
" And, crowding round, the charm'd Savannah ſees.
" Horrid with want and miſery, no more
" Our ſtreets the tender Paſſenger afflict ;
" Nor ſhivering Age, nor Sickneſs, without friend,
" Or home, or bed, to bear his burnig load,
" Nor agonizing Infant, that ne'er earn'd
" Its guiltleſs pangs : I ſee the ſtores profuſe,
" Which Britiſh bounty has to theſe aſſign'd,
" No more the ſacrilegious riot ſwell
" Of Cannibal devourers ! Right apply'd,
" No ſtarving wretch the land of Freedom ſtains:
" If poor, employment finds ; if old, demands,
" If ſick, if maim'd, his miſerable due ;
" And will, if young, repay the fondeſt care.
" Sweet ſets the ſun of ſtormy life, and ſweet
" The morning ſhines, in Mercy's dews array'd.
" Lo ! how they riſe ! theſe families of Heaven !
" That ! chief *, (but why—ye Bigots!—why ſo late?)
" Where blooms and warbles glad a riſing age:
" What ſmiles of praiſe ! and, while their ſong aſcends,
" The liſtening ſeraph lays his lute aſide.
" Hark ! the gay Muſes raiſe a nobler ſtrain,
" With active Nature, warm impaſſion'd truth,
" Engaging fable, lucid order, notes
" Of various ſtring, and heart-felt image, fill'd.
" Behold ! I ſee the dread delightful ſchool

* An hoſpital for Foundlings.

"Of temper'd paſſions, and of poliſh'd life,
"Reſtor'd. Behold! the well-diſſembled ſcene
"Calls from embelliſh'd eyes the lovely tear,
"Or lights up mirth in modeſt cheeks again.
"Lo! vaniſh'd Monſter-land; lo! driven away
"Thoſe that Apollo's ſacred walks profane,
"Their wild creation ſcatter'd, where a world
"Unknown to Nature, chaos more confus'd,
"O'er the brute ſcene its Ouran-Outangs * pours;
"Deteſted forms! that, on the mind impreſt,
"Corrupt, confound, and barbarize an age.
"Behold! all thine again the Siſter-Arts,
"Thy Graces they, knit in harmonious dance:
"Nurs'd by the treaſure from a nation drain'd
"Their works to purchaſe, they to nobler rouze
"Their untam'd genius, their unfetter'd thought;
"Of pompous tyrants, and of dreaming Monks,
"The gaudy tools and priſoners no more.
"Lo! numerous Domes a Burlington confeſs.
"For kings and ſenates fit, the Palace ſee!
"The Temple, breathing a religious awe:
"Even fram'd with elegance, the plain retreat,
"The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,
"Taſte, never idly working, ſaves expence.
"See! ſylvan ſcenes, where Art, alone, pretends
"To dreſs her miſtreſs, and diſcloſe her charms,

* A creature which, of all brutes, moſt reſembles man.—See Dr. Tyſon's treatiſe on this animal.

"Such as a Pope in miniature has ſhown,
"A Bathurſt o'er the widening foreſt * ſpreads,
"And ſuch as form a Richmond, Chiſwick, Stowe.
"Auguſt, around, what Public Works I ſee!
"Lo! ſtately Streets; lo! Squares that court the breeze,
"In ſpite of thoſe to whom pertains the care,
"Ingulfing more than founded Roman ways.
"Lo! ray'd from cities o'er the brighten'd land,
"Connecting ſea to ſea, the ſolid Road.
"Lo! the proud Arch (no vile exactor's ſtand)
"With eaſy ſweep beſtrides the chafing flood.
"See! long Canals, and deepened Rivers join
"Each part with each, and with the circling main
"The whole enliven'd iſle. Lo! Ports expand,
"Free as the winds and waves, their ſhelt'ring arms.
"Lo! ſtreaming comfort o'er the troubled deep,
"On every pointed coaſt the Lighthouſe tow'rs;
"And, by the broad imperious Mole repell'd,
"Hark! how the baffled ſtorm indignant roars."
As thick to view theſe Varied Wonders roſe,
Shook all my ſoul with tranſport; unaſſur'd,
The Viſion broke, and on my waking eye
Ruſh'd the ſtill Ruins of dejected Rome.

* Okely woods, near Cirenceſter.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE,

AN ALLEGORICAL POEM.

IN TWO CANTOS.

Advertisement.

THIS Poem being writ in the manner of Spenser, the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary to make the imitation more perfect: and the style of that admirable poet, as well as the measure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated, by custom, to all allegorical poems writ in our language; just as, in French, the style of Marot, who lived under Frances I. has been used in tales and familiar epistles, by the politest writers of the age of Louis XIV.

EXPLANATION

of the

OBSOLETE WORDS USED IN THIS POEM.

Archimage—the chief, or greatest, of magicians or enchanters.

Apaid—paid.

Appal—affright.

Atween—between.

Ay—always.

Bale—sorrow, trouble, misfortune.

Benempt—named.

Blazon—painting, displaying.
Breme—cold, raw.
Carol—to sing songs of joy.
Caurus—the north-east wind.
Certes—certainly.
Dan—a word prefixed to names.
Deftly—skilfully.
Depainted—painted.
Drowsy-head—drowsyness.
Eath—easy.
Eftsoons—immediately, often, afterwards.
Eke—also.
Fays—Fairies.
Gear, or *Geer*—furniture, equipage, dress.
Glaive—sword. (Fr.)
Glee—joy, pleasure.
Han—have.
High—named, called; and sometimes it is used for *is called*. See Stanza vii.
Idless—idleness.
Imp—child, or offspring; from the Saxon *impan*, to graft or plant.
Kest—for cast.
Lad—for led.
Lea—a peice of land, or meadow.
Libbard—leopard.
Lig—to lie.
Losel—a loose idle fellow.
Louting—bowing, bending.
Lithe—loose, lax.
Mell—mingle.
Moe—more.
Moil—to labour.
Mote—might.
Muckle or *Mockel*—much, great.
Nathless—nevertheless.
Ne—nor.
Needments—necessaries.
Nourfling—a child that is nursed.
Noyance—harm.
Prankt—coloured, adorned gaily.

Perdie (Fr. par Dieu) an old oath.

Prick'd thro' the forest—rode thro' the forest.

Sear—dry, burnt up.

Sheen—bright, shining.

Sicker—sure, surely.

Soot—sweet, or sweetly.

Sooth — true, or truth.

Stound — misfortune, pang.

Sweltry—sultry, consuming with heat.

Swink—to labour.

Smackt—savoured.

Thrall—slave.

Transmew'd—transformed.

Vild—vile.

Unkempt (*Lat.* incomptus) unadorned.

Ween—to think, be of opinion.

Weet—to know, to weet, to wit.

Whilom—ere-while, formerly.

Wight—man.

Wis, for *wist*—to know, think, understand.

Wonne (a noun) dwelling.

Wroke—wreakt.

N. B. *The letter* Y *is frequently placed in the beginning of a word, by Spenser, to lengthen it a syllable, and* en *at the end of a word, for the same reason, as* withouten, casten, *&c.*

Yborn—born.

Yblent, or *blent*—blended, mingled.

Yclad—clad.

Ycleped—called, named.

Yfere—together.

Ymolten—melted.

Yode (preter tense of *yede*) went.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

CANTO I.

The Caſtle high of Indolence,
And its falſe luxury,
Where for a little time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

I.

O MORTAL Man! who liveſt here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard eſtate;
That like an emmet thou muſt ever moil,
Is a ſad ſentence of an ancient date:
And, certes, there is for it reaſon great;
For tho' ſometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curſe thy ſtar, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavyer bale,
Looſe life, unruly paſſions, and diſeaſes pale.

II.

In lowly dale, faſt by a river's ſide,
With woody hill o'er hill encompaſs'd round,
A moſt enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.
It was, I ween, a lovely ſpot of ground;
And there a ſeaſon atween June and May,
Half prankt with ſpring, with ſummer half imbrown'd,
A liſtleſs climate made, where, ſooth to ſay,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

III.

Was nought around but images of reſt,
Sleep-ſoothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
And flowery beds that ſlumbrous influence keſt
From poppies breath'd and beds of pleaſant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature ſeen.
Mean time unnumber'd glittering ſtreamlets play'd,
And hurled every-where their waters ſheen,
That, as they bicker'd thro' the ſunny glade,
Tho' reſtleſs ſtill themſelves, a lulling murmur made.

IV.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the diſtant hills,
And vacant ſhepherds piping in the dale;
And now and then ſweet Philomel would wail,
Or ſtock-doves plain amid the foreſt deep,
That drowſy ruſtled to the ſighing gale;
And ſtill a coil the graſhopper did keep;
Yet all theſe ſounds yblent inclined all to ſleep.

V.

Full in the paſſage of the vale, above,
A ſable, ſilent, ſolemn, foreſt ſtood,
Where nought but ſhadowy forms was ſeen to move,
As idleſs fancy'd in her dreaming mood;
And up the hills, on either ſide, a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a ſleepy horror thro' the blood;

And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and ſcarcely heard
[to flow.

VI.

A pleaſing land of drowſy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-ſhut eye,
And of gay Caſtles in the cloud that paſs,
For ever fluſhing round a ſummer-ſky;
There eke the ſoft Delights, that witchingly
Inſtil a wanton ſweetneſs thro' the breaſt,
And the calm Pleaſures, always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er ſmack'd of noyance or unreſt
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious neſt.

VII.

The landſcape ſuch, inſpiring perfect eaſe,
Where Indolence (for ſo the wizard hight)
Cloſe-hid his Caſtle mid embowering trees,
That half ſhut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checker'd day and night;
Mean while, unceaſing at the maſſy gate,
Beneath a ſpacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd, and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harſh, complain'd, lamenting man's eſtate.

VIII.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded ſtill,
From all the roads of earth that paſs there by;
For as they chanc'd to breathe on neighbouring hill,
The freſhneſs of this valley ſmote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;

Till clustering round th' enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his syren melody,
While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses
[sung:

IX.

"Behold, ye Pilgrims of this earth! behold,
"See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay;
"See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
"Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
"What youthful bride can equal her array?
"Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
"From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
"From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
"Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

X.

"Behold the merry minstrels of the Morn,
"The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
"Ten thousand throats, that, from the flowering
thorn,
"Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
"Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
"They neither plough nor sow; ne, fit for flail,
"E'er to the barn the nodden sheaves they drove,
"Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
"Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

XI.

"Outcast of Nature, Man! the wretched thrall
"Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,

" Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
" And of the vices an inhuman train,
" That all proceed from ſavage thirſt of gain;
" For when hard-harted Intereſt firſt began
" To poiſon earth, Aſtræa left the plain;
" Guile, Violence, and Murder, ſeiz'd on man,
" And, for ſoft milky ſtreams, with blood the rivers ran.

XII.

" Come, ye! who ſtill the cumbrous load of life
" Puſh hard up hill, but as the fartheſt ſteep
" You truſt to gain, and put an end to ſtrife,
" Down thunders back the ſtone with mighty ſweep,
" And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
" For ever vain; come, and, withouten fee,
" I in oblivion will your ſorrows ſteep,
" Your cares, your toils; will ſteep you in a ſea
" Of full delight; O come, ye weary Wights! to me!

XIII.

" With me you need not riſe at early dawn,
" To paſs the joyleſs day in various ſtounds;
" Or, louting low, on upſtart Fortune fawn,
" And ſell fair honour for ſome paltry pounds;
" Or thro' the city take your dirty rounds,
" To cheat, and dun, and lye, and viſit pay,
" Now flattering baſe, now giving ſecret wounds;
" Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
" In venal ſenate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

XIV.

"No cocks, with me, to ruftic labour call,
"From village on to village founding clear;
"To tardy fwain no fhrill-voic'd matrons fquall;
"No dogs, no babes, no wives, to ftun your ear;
"No hammers thump; no horrid blackfmith fear.
"Ne noify tradefman your fweet flumbers ftart
"With founds that are a mifery to hear;
"But all is calm, as would delight the heart
"Of Sybarite of old, all Nature, and all Art.

XV.

"Here nought but Candour reigns, indulgent Eafe,
"Good-natur'd Lounging, fauntering up and down:
"They who are pleas'd themfelves muft always pleafe;
"On others' ways they never fquint a frown,
"Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town:
"Thus, from the fource of tender Indolence,
"With milky blood the heart is overflown,
"Is footh'd and fweeten'd by the focial fenfe;
"For intereft, envy, pride, and ftrife, are banifh'd [hence.

XVI.

"What, what is virtue, but repofe of mind,
"A pure ethereal calm, that knows no ftorm,
"Above the reach of wild Ambition's wind,
"Above thofe paffions that this world deform,
"And torture man, a proud malignant worm?
"But here, inftead, foft gales of paffion play,
"And gently ftir the heart, thereby to form

" A quicker ſenſe of joy; as breezes ſtray
" Acroſs th' enliven'd ſkies, and make them ſtill more [gay.

XVII.

" The beſt of men have ever lov'd repoſe;
" They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,
" Where the foul ſowrs, and gradual rancour grows,
" Imbitter'd more from peeviſh day to day.
" Even thoſe whom Fame has lent her faireſt ray,
" The moſt renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
" From a baſe world at laſt have ſtol'n away:
" So Scipio, to the ſoft Cumæan ſhore
" Retiring, taſted joy he never knew before.

XVIII.

" But if a little exerciſe you chuſe,
" Some zeſt for eaſe, 'tis not forbidden here:
" Amid the groves you may indulge the Muſe,
" Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
" Or, ſoftly ſtealing, with your watry gear,
" Along the brooks, the crimſon ſpotted fry
" You may delude; the whilſt, amus'd, you hear
" Now the hoarſe ſtream, and now the zephyr's ſigh,
" Attuned to the birds and woodlands melody.

XIX.

" O grievous folly! to heap up eſtate,
" Loſing the days you ſee beneath the ſun;
" When, ſudden, comes blind unrelenting Fate,
" And gives th' untaſted portion you have won,
" With ruthleſs toil, and many a wretch undone,

"To thoſe who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
"There with ſad ghoſts to pine and ſhadows dun:
"But ſure it is of vanities moſt vain,
"To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

XX.

He ceas'd: but ſtill their trembling ears retain'd
The deep vibrations of his witching ſong,
That, by a kind of magic power, conſtrain'd
To enter in, pell-mell, the liſtening throng.
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they ſlipt along,
In ſilent eaſe: as when beneath the beam
Of ſummer-moons, the diſtant woods among,
Or by ſome flood all ſilver'd with the gleam,
The ſoft-embodied Fays thro' airy portal ſtream.

XXI.

By the ſmooth demon ſo it ordered was,
And here his baneful bounty firſt began;
Tho' ſome there were who would not further paſs,
And his alluring baits ſuſpected han,
The wiſe diſtruſt the too fair-ſpoken man.
Yet thro' the gate they caſt a wiſhful eye:
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can;
For do their very beſt they cannot fly,
But often each way look, and often ſorely ſigh.

XXII.

When this the watchful wicked wizard ſaw,
With ſudden ſpring he leap'd upon them ſtrait,
And ſoon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,

They found themſelves within the curſed gate,
Full hard to be repaſs'd, like that of Fate.
Not ſtronger were of old the giant crew,
Who ſought to pull high Jove from regal ſtate;
Tho' feeble wretch he ſeem'd, of ſallow hue,
Certes, who bides his graſp will that encounter rue.

XXIII.

For whomſoe'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unknit, their ſinews melt apace,
As lithe they grow as any willow wand,
And of their vaniſh'd force remains no trace;
So when a maiden fair, of modeſt grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
Is ſeized in ſome loſel's hot embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as ſhe warms,
Then, ſighing, yields her up to love's delicious harms.

XXIV.

Wak'd by the crowd, ſlow from his bench aroſe
A comely full-ſpread porter, ſwoln with ſleep,
His calm, broad, thoughtleſs, aſpect breath'd repoſe,
And in ſweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himſelf from ceaſeleſs yawning keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowſy liquor ran,
Thro' which his half-wak'd ſoul would faintly peep,
Then taking his black ſtaff he call'd his man,
And rous'd himſelf as much as rouſe himſelf he can.

XXV.

The lad leap'd lightly at his maſter's call;
He was, to weet, a little roguiſh page,

Save ſleep and play who minded nought at all,
Like moſt the untaught ſtriplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to diſengage,
Garters and buckles, taſk for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave perſonage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit,
So this ſame limber page to all performed it.

XXVI.

Mean time the maſter porter wide diſplay'd
Great ſtore of caps, of ſlippers, and of gowns,
Wherewith he thoſe who enter'd in array'd,
Looſe as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the ſummer-woods when evening frowns.
O fair undreſs! beſt dreſs! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleaſure drowns,
And heightens eaſe with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir Porter ſat him down, and turn'd to ſleep again.

XXVII.

Thus eaſy rob'd, they to the fountain ſped,
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A ſtream, high ſpouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew;
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirſted, drew.
It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare,
Whence, as Dan Homer ſings, huge pleaſaunce grew,
And ſweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
Fair gladſome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more fair.

XXVIII.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and ſtill,
Withouten tromp, was proclamation made;
" Ye ſons of Indolence! do what you will,
" And wander where you liſt, thro' hall or glade;
" Be no man's pleaſure for another ſtaid!
" Let each as likes him beſt his hours employ,
" And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's trade!
" Here dwells kind Eaſe and unreproving Joy:
" He little merits bliſs who others can annoy."

XXIX.

Strait of theſe endleſs numbers, ſwarming round,
As thick as idle motes in ſunny ray,
Not one eftſoons in view was to be found,
But every man ſtroll'd off his own glad way;
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living creature could be ſeen to ſtray,
While ſolitude and perfect ſilence reign'd,
So that to think you dreamt you almoſt was conſtrain'd.

XXX.

As when a ſhepherd of the Hebrid-iſles*,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
Or that aërial beings ſometimes deign
To ſtand embodied to our ſenſes plain)

* Thoſe iſlands on the Weſtern coaſt of Scotland called the Hebrides.

Sees on the naked hill or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro,
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

XXXI.

Ye Gods of Quiet, and of Sleep profound!
Whose soft dominion o'er this Castle sways,
And all the widely-silent places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
I who have spent my nights and nightly days
In this soul-deadening place, loose-loitering?
Ah! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing?

XXXII.

Come on, my Muse! nor stoop to low despair,
Thou imp of Jove! touch'd by celestial fire,
Thou yet shalt sing of war and actions fair,
Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire;
Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre;
Thou yet shalt tread in Tragic pall the stage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Dashing corruption down thro' every worthless age.

XXXIII.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where who can tell

What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Perſia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets ſpread,
And couches ſtretch'd around in ſeemly band,
And endleſs pillows riſe to prop the head,
So that each ſpacious room was one full-ſwelling bed.

XXXIV.

And every where huge cover'd tables ſtood,
With wines high flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
Whatever ſprightly juice or taſteful food
On the green boſom of this earth are found,
And all old Ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unſeen theſe ſilently diſplay'd,
Even undemanded, by a ſign or ſound;
You need but wiſh, and, inſtantly obey'd,
Fair rang'd the diſhes roſe, and thick the glaſſes play'd.

XXXV.

Here Freedom reign'd without the leaſt alloy;
Nor goſſip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor ſaintly Spleen, durſt murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleaſures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each ſhould work his own deſire,
And eat, drink, ſtudy, ſleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the Muſes might inſpire.

XXXVI.

The rooms with coſtly tapeſtry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,

Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale;
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortur'd heart,
Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd Echo to resound their smart,
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and
peace impart.

XXXVII.

Those pleas'd the most where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the Patriarchal age,
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:
Blest sons of Nature they! true Golden Age indeed!

XXXVIII.

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempest strikes the astonish'd eyes;
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies:
Whate'er Lorrain light-touch'd with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

XXXIX.

Each found, too, here to languifhment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak bofom, and induced eafe;
Aërial mufic in the warbling wind,
At diftance rifing oft', by fmall degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd fuch foul-diffolving airs
As did, alas! with foft perdition pleafe:
Entangled deep in its enchanting fnares,
The liftening heart forgot all duties and all cares,

XL.

A certain mufic, never known before,
Here lull'd the penfive melancholy mind;
Full eafily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But fidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd inftrument reclin'd,
From which, with airy-flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the moft refin'd,
The god of Winds drew founds of deep delight,
Whence, with juft caufe, the harp of Æolus* it hight.

XLI.

Ah me! what hand can touch the ftring fo fine?
Who up the lofty diapafan roll
Such fweet, fuch fad, fuch folemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the foul?

* This is not an imagination of the Author, there being in fact fuch an inftrument, called Æolus's harp, which, when placed againft a little rufhing or current of air, produces the effect here defcribed.

Now riſing love they fann'd ; now pleaſing dole
They breath'd, in tender muſings, thro' the heart ;
And now a graver ſacred ſtrain they ſtole,
As when ſeraphic hands an hymn impart ;
Wild-warbling Nature all, above the reach of Art!

XLII.

Such the gay ſplendour, the luxurious ſtate,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' ſhore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies ſtore,
And verſe, love, muſic, ſtill the garland wore :
When Sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there,
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muſe's lore*,
Compoſing muſic bade his dreams be fair,
And muſic lent new gladneſs to the morning air.

XLIII.

Near the pavilions where we ſlept ſtill ran
Soft-tinkling ſtreams, and daſhing waters fell,
And ſobbing breezes ſigh'd, and oft' began
(So work'd the wizard) wintry ſtorms to ſwell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell :
At doors and windows, threat'ning, ſeem'd to call
The demons of the tempeſt, growling fell,
Yet the leaſt entrance found they none at all,
Whence ſweeter grew our ſleep, ſecure in maſſy hall.

* The Arabian caliphs had poets among the officers of their court, whoſe office it was to do what is here mentioned.

XLIV.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace,
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
And shed a roseate smile on Nature's face.
Not Titan's pencil e'er could so array,
So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

XLV.

No, fair Illusions! artful Phantoms, no!
My Muse will not attempt your Fairy-land:
She has no colours that like you can glow;
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,
Pour'd all th' Arabian heaven upon our nights,
And bless'd them oft' besides with more refin'd de-[lights.

XLVI.

They where in sooth a most enchanting train,
Even feigning virtue; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain:
But for those fiends whom blood and broils delight,
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night

On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep,
They, till due time ſhould ſerve, were bid far hence to [keep.

XLVII.

Ye guardian Spirits! to whom man is dear,
From theſe foul demons ſhield the midnight gloom:
Angels of Fancy and of Love! be near,
And o'er the blank of ſleep diffuſe a bloom:
Evoke the ſacred ſhades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart;
But chief a while, O! lend us from the tomb
Thoſe long-loſt friends for whom in love we ſmart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

XLVIII.

Or are you ſportive?—Bid the morn of youth
Riſe to new light, and beam afreſh the days
Of innocence, ſimplicity, and truth,
To cares eſtrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
What tranſport, to retrace our boyiſh plays,
Our eaſy bliſs, when each thing joy ſupply'd,
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!—But, fondly wandring wide,
My Muſe! reſume the taſk that yet doth thee abide.

XLIX.

One great amuſement of our houſehold was,
In a huge cryſtal magic globe to ſpy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do paſs,
Upon this ant-hill earth! where conſtantly
Of idly-buſy men the reſtleſs fry

Run buſtling to and fro with fooliſh haſte,
In ſearch of pleaſures vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taſte:
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waſte?

L.

Of Vanity the Mirrour this was call'd.
Here you a muckworm of the town might ſee,
At his dull deſk, amid his legers ſtall'd,
Ate up with carking care and penurie,
Moſt like to carcaſe parch'd on gallow-tree.
"A penny ſaved is a penny got;"
Firm to this ſcoundrel-maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire and baniſhed his pot.

LI.

Strait from the filth of this low grub, behold!
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy ſpendthrift heir,
All gloſſy gay, enamell'd all with gold,
The ſilly tenant of the ſummer-air,
In folly loſt, of nothing takes he care;
Pimps, lawyers, ſtewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradeſmen, him among them ſhare;
His father's ghoſt from Limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

LII.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page
Backwards and forwards: oft' they ſnatch the pen,

As if inſpir'd, and in a Theſpian rage,
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage.
Why, Authors! all this ſcrawl and ſcribbling ſore?
To loſe the preſent, gain the future age,
Praiſed to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame when uſeleſs worldly
ſtore?

LIII.

Then would a ſplendid city riſe to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring all:
Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew,
See how they daſh along from wall to wall;
At every door, hark how they thundering call!
Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall,
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,
And make new tireſome parties for the coming night.

LIV.

The puzzling ſons of Party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met,
And now they whiſper'd cloſe, now ſhrugging rear'd
Th' important ſhoulder; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward ſet.
No ſooner Lucifer * recalls affairs,
Than forth they various ruſh in mighty fret;
When, lo! puſh'd up to power, and crown'd their cares,
In comes another ſett, and kicketh them down ſtairs.

* The morning ſtar.

LV.

But what most shew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife,
Most Christian kings, inflam'd by black desire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force re-
[store.

LVI.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
An useless were, and, eke, an endless task,
From kings, and those who at the helm appear,
To gipsies brown in summer-glades who bask.
Yea many a man, perdie, I could unmask,
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
With tape-ty'd trash, and suits of fools that ask
For place or pension laid in decent row;
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.

LVII.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark;
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad, in thought involv'd not dark;
As soot this man could sing as morning lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart;
But these his talents were yburied stark;

Of the fine ſtores he nothing would impart
Which or boon Nature gave, or nature-painting Art.

LVIII.

To noontide ſhades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brooks with ſleep-inviting ſound,
Or when Dan Sol to ſlope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he baſk'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomoil are found
There would he linger, till the lateſt ray
Of light ſate trembling on the welkin's bound,
Then homewards thro' the twilight ſhadows ſtray,
Sauntering and ſlow: ſo had he paſſed many a day.

LIX.

Yet not in thoughtleſs ſlumber were they paſt;
For oft' the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the ſleeping embers, mounted faſt,
And all its native light anew reveal'd;
Oft' as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And markt the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thouſand glorious ſyſtems would he build,
Ten thouſand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace be-
[hind.

LX.

With him was ſometimes join'd, in ſilent walk,
(Profoundly ſilent, for they never ſpoke)
One ſhyer ſtill, who quite deteſted talk;
Oft' ſtung by ſpleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine and broad o'erſhadowing oak;

There inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himſelf his penſive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, ſave when firſt ſhone
The glittering ſtar of eve—"Thank Heaven! the day
[is done."

LXI.

Here lurk'd a wretch who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal ſeen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad,
And ſure his linen was not very clean.
Through ſecret loop-holes, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt, and rough, of ſqualid face and mien,
Our Caſtle's ſhame! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

LXII.

One day there chanc'd into theſe halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at firſt ſight;
Him the wild wave of pleaſure hither drove,
Before the ſprightly tempeſt toſſing light:
Certes, he was a moſt engaging wight,
Of ſocial glee, and wit humane tho' keen,
Turning the night to day and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

LXIII.

But not even pleaſure to exceſs is good:
What moſt elates then ſinks the ſoul as low,
When ſpring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher ſtill th' exulting billows flow,

The farther back again they flagging go,
And leaves us grovelling on the dreary ſhore.
Taught by this ſon of Joy we found it ſo,
Who, whilſt he ſtaid, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd Caſtle all, the abode of Sleep no more.

LXIV.

As when in prime of June a burniſh'd fly,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he ſweeps along
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital ſky,
Tunes up amid theſe airy halls his ſong,
Soothing at firſt the gay repoſing throng;
And oft' he ſips their bowl; or nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And ſcares their tender ſleep, with trump profound,
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

LXV.

Another gueſt there was, of ſenſe refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had;
Serene, yet warm, humane, yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad:
Him thro' their inmoſt walks the Muſes lad,
To him the ſacred love of Nature lent,
And ſometimes would he make our valley glad;
Whenas we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better ſort this friendly meſſage ſent:

LXVI.

"Come, dwell with us, true ſon of Virtue! come;
"But if, alas! we cannot thee perſuade

"To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
"Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade,
"Yet when at laſt thy toils, but ill apaid,
"Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly ſpark,
"Thou wilt be glad to ſeek the rural ſhade,
"There to indulge the Muſe, and Nature mark;
"We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-Park."

LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd th' Eſopus * of the age,
But call'd by Fame, in ſoul ypricked deep,
A noble pride reſtor'd him to the ſtage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his ſleep.
Even from his ſlumbers we advantage reap:
With double force th' enliven'd ſcene he wakes,
Yet quits not Nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum. Now the heart he ſhakes,
And now with well-urg'd ſenſe th' enlighten'd judg-
ment takes.

LXVIII.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beſeems,
† Who, void of envy, guile, and luſt of gain,
On virtue ſtill, and Nature's pleaſing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated ſtrain;
The world forſaking with a calm diſdain,
Here laugh'd he careleſs in his eaſy ſeat;

* Mr. Quin.
† The following lines of this ſtanza were writ by a friend of the Author,

Here quaff'd, encircled with the joyous train,
Oft' moralizing sage; his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

LXIX.

Full oft' by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy;
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chanc'd to trippen by;
Which when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
And strait would recollect his piety anew,

LXX.

Nor be forgot a tribe who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but state-affairs;
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought,
And on their brow sat every nation's cares.
The world by them is parcell'd out in shares,
When in the Hall of Smoke they congress hold,
And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye: then, smoke-enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

LXXI.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-fac'd court:
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made resort,
Where, from gross mortal care and business free

They lay, pour'd out in eafe and luxury:
Or fhould they a vain fhew of work affume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twift, to range the vernal bloom,
But far is caft the diftaff, fpinning-wheel, and loom.

LXXII.

Their only labour was to kill the time,
And labour dire it is, and weary woe:
They fit, they loll, turn o'er fome idle rhyme,
Then, rifing fudden, to the glafs they go,
Or faunter forth, with tottering ftep and flow:
This foon too rude an exercife they find;
Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they fighing lie reclin'd,
And court the vapoury god foft-breathing in the wind.

LXXIII.

Now muft I mark the villany we found;
But, ah! too late, as fhall eftfoons be fhewn.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground,
Where ftill our inmates, when unpleafing grown,
Difeas'd, and loathfome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of heaven, they languifh'd there,
Unpity'd, uttering many a bitter groan,
For of thefe wretches taken was no care;
Fierce fiends and hags of hell their only nurfes were.

LXXIV.

Alas! the change! from fcenes of joy and reft,
To this dark den, where Sicknefs tofs'd alway.

Here Lethargy, with deadly ſleep oppreſt,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay
Heaving his ſides, and ſnored night and day;
To ſtir him from his traunce it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he ſhut ſtraitway;
He led, I wot, the ſofteſt way to death,
And taught withouten pain and ſtrife to yield the [breath.

LXXV.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unſound,
Soft-ſwoln and pale, here lay the Hydropſy:
Unweildy man! with belly monſtrous round,
For ever fed with watery ſupply;
For ſtill he drank, and yet he ſtill was dry.
And moping here did Hypochondria ſit,
Mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft' with ugly fit,
And ſome her frantic deem'd, and ſome her deem'd [a wit.

LXXVI.

A lady proud ſhe was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft' her fear her pride made crouchen low;
She felt, or fancy'd, in her fluttering mood,
All the diſeaſes which the Spittles know,
And ſought all phyſic which the ſhops beſtow;
And ſtill new leaches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro;
For ſometimes ſhe would laugh, and ſometimes cry,
Then ſudden waxed wroth, and all ſhe knew not why.

LXXVII.

Faſt by her ſide a liſtleſs Maiden pin'd,
With aching head, and ſqueamiſh heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, ſhe ſeem'd to hate mankind,
Yet lov'd in ſecret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian ſhakes his chilling wings;
The ſleepleſs Gout here counts the crowing cocks,
A wolf now gnaws him, now a ſerpent ſtings:
Whilſt Apoplexy cramm'd Intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

CANTO II.

The Knight of Arts and Induſtry,
And his achievements fair,
That by his Caſtle's overthrow
Secur'd and crowned were.

I.

Escap'd the Caſtle of the ſire of Sin,
Ah! where ſhall I ſo ſweet a dwelling find?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing ſave what delightful was and kind,
Of goodneſs ſavouring and a tender mind,
E'er roſe to view: but now another ſtrain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:
I now muſt ſing of pleaſure turn'd to pain,
And of the falſe enchanter Indolence complain.

II.

Is there no patron to protect the Muſe,
And fence for her Parnaſſus' barren ſoil?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are ſure of bread who ſwink and moil;
But a fell tribe th' Aonian hive deſpoil,
As ruthleſs waſps oft' rob the painful bee:
Thus while the laws not guard that nobleſt toil,
Ne for the Muſes other meed decree,
They praiſed are alone, and ſtarve right merrily.

III.

I care not, Fortune! what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot ſhut the windows of the ſky,
Thro' which Aurora ſhews her brightening face;
You cannot bar my conſtant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living ſtream, at eve;
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reaſon, virtue, nought can me bereave.

IV.

Come then, my Muſe! and raiſe a bolder ſong;
Come, lig no more upon the bed of ſloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but ſtill to finiſh loath,
Thy half-writ ſcrolls all eaten by the moth:
Ariſe, and ſing that generous imp of fame,
Who with the ſons of Softneſs nobly wroth,
To ſweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a choſen few to rouſe the ſlumbering flame.

V.

In Fairy-land there liv'd a knight of old,
Of feature ſtern, Selvaggio well yclep'd,
A rough unpoliſh'd man, robuſt and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither ſow'd nor reap'd,
Ne ſtores in ſummer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now ſcorch'd by June, now in November ſteep'd,

Now pinch'd by biting January sore,
He still in woods pursu'd the libbard and the boar.

VI.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd thro' the forest to dislodge his prey,
Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,
With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's ray,
That from the beating rain and wintry fray
Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy;
There, up to earn the needments of the day,
He found Dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy;
Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy.

VII.

Amid the green-wood shade this boy was bred,
And grew at last a knight of muckle fame,
Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
The Knight of Arts and Industry by name.
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame;
He knew no beverage but the flowing stream;
His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan game,
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem:
The same to him glad summer or the winter breme.

VIII.

So pass'd his youthly morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that through the commons run,
For him no tender parents troubled were,
He of the forest seem'd to be the son,
And certes had been utterly undone,

But that Minerva pity of him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
That teach to tame the ſoil and rule the crook;
Ne did the ſacred Nine diſdain a gentle look.

IX.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
In every ſcience and in every art,
By which mankind the thoughtleſs brutes excel,
That can or uſe, or joy, or grace, impart,
Diſcloſing all the powers of head and heart:
Ne were the goodly exerciſes ſpar'd,
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elaſtic force with firmneſs hard:
Was never knight on ground mote be with him com-
[par'd.

X.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
The hunter-ſteed, exulting o'er the dale,
And drew the roſeat breath of orient day;
Sometimes, retiring to the ſecret vale,
Yclad in ſteel, and bright with burniſh'd mail,
He ſtrain'd the bow, or toſs'd the ſounding ſpear;
Or darting on the goal, outſtripp'd the gale;
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid-career;
Or ſtrenuous wreſtled hard with many a tough com-
[peer.

XI.

At other times he pry'd thro' Nature's ſtore,
Whate'er ſhe in th' ethereal round contains,

Whate'er ſhe hides beneath her verdant floor,
The vegetable and the mineral reigns;
Or elſe he ſcann'd the globe, thoſe ſmall domains,
Where reſtleſs mortals ſuch a turmoil keep,
Its ſeas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains;
But more he ſearch'd the mind, and rous'd from ſleep
Thoſe moral ſeeds whence we heroic actions reap.

XII.

Nor would he ſcorn to ſtoop from high purſuits
Of heavenly Truth, and practiſe what ſhe taught.
Vain is the tree of Knowledge without fruits,
Sometimes in hand the ſpade or plough he caught,
Forth-calling all with which boon earth is fraught;
Sometimes he ply'd the ſtrong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the fineſt draught;
And oft' he put himſelf to Neptune's ſchool,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vext ocean pool.

XIII.

To ſolace then theſe rougher toils, he try'd
To touch the kindling canvaſs into life;
With Nature his creating pencil vy'd,
With Nature, joyous at the mimic ſtrife:
Or, to ſuch ſhapes as grac'd Pygmalion's wife
He hew'd the marble; or, with varied fire,
He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fife;
Or bade the lute ſweet tenderneſs inſpire;
Or verſes fram'd that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

XIV.

Accomplish'd thus, he from the woods issu'd,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprize;
The work which long he in his breast had brew'd
Now to perform he ardent did devise,
To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundless forest wild,
Nought to be seen but savage wood and skies;
No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smil'd,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

XV.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was man;
On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, prey'd;
The strongest still the weakest over-ran;
In every country mighty robbers sway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe,
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To swear he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,
For, by the powers Divine, it should no more be so!

XVI.

It would exceed the purport of my song,
To say how this best sun, from orient climes,
Came beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chasing Indolence and crimes.
Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimes,
And calls forth Arts and Virtues with his ray:
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome, their golden times

Succeſſive had; but now in ruins grey
They lie, to ſlaviſh ſloth and tyranny a prey.

XVII.

To crown his toils, Sir Induſtry then ſpread
The ſwelling ſail, and made for Britain's coaſt.
A ſylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown ſhades and green-wood foreſt loſt,
All carelefs rambling where it lik'd them moſt:
Their wealth the wild deer bouncing thro' the glade;
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at Nature's coſt;
Save ſpear and bow, withouten other aid,
Yet not the Roman ſteel their naked breaſt diſmay'd.

XVIII.

He lik'd the ſoil, he lik'd the clement ſkies,
He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains.
Be this my great, my choſen Iſle (he cries),
This, whilſt my labours Liberty ſuſtains,
This Queen of Ocean all aſſault diſdains.
Nor lik'd he leſs the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and perſevering pains,
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindeſt, firmeſt [hand.

XIX.

Here, by degrees, his maſter-work aroſe,
Whatever Arts and Induſtry can frame;
Whatever finiſh'd Agriculture knows,
Fair Queen of arts! from heaven itſelf who came
When Eden flouriſh'd in unſpotted fame:

And ſtill with her ſweet Innocence we find,
And tender Peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they raviſh, tranquillize the mind:
Nature and Art at once delight and uſe combin'd.

XX.

Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
Bade ſocial Commerce raiſe renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry ſoil to ſoil,
Unite the poles, and without bloody ſpoil
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous ſtores;
Or, ſhould deſpotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remoteſt ſhores,
While o'er the encircling deep Britannia's thunder roars.

XXI.

The drooping Muſes then he weſtward call'd,
From the fam'd City* by Propontic ſea,
What time the Turk th' enfeebled Grecian thrall'd,
Thence from their cloiſter'd walks he ſet them free,
And brought them to another Caſtalie,
Where Iſis many a famous nourſling breeds;
Or where old Cam ſoft-paces o'er the lea
In penſive mood, and turns his Doric reeds,
The whilſt his flocks at large the lonely ſhepherd feeds.

XXII.

Yet the fine arts were what he finiſh'd leaſt.
For why? they are the quinteſſence of all,

* Conſtantinople.

The growth of labouring time, and slow increast;
Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall,
That mighty patrons the coy Sisters call
Up to the sun-shine of uncumber'd ease,
Where no rude care the mounting thought may thrall,
And where they nothing have to do but please:
Ah! gracious God! thou know'st they ask no other fees.

XXIII.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
Our patrons now even grudge that little claim,
Except to such as sleek the soothing rhyme:
And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcena's name,
Poor sons of puft-up Vanity, not Fame,
Unbroken spirits, cheer! still, still remains
Th' eternal Patron, Liberty! whose flame,
While she protects, inspires the noblest strains,
The best, and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

XXIV.

When as the knight had fram'd, in Britain land,
A matchless form of glorious government,
In which the sovereign laws alone command,
Laws stablish'd by the public free consent,
Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent;
When this great plan, with each dependant art,
Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,
Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet thro' the heart.

XXV.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,
Where his long allies peep'd upon the main;
In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale;
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain,
The happy monarch of his sylvan train;
Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest domain:
His days, the days of unstain'd Nature, roll'd,
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of old.

XXVI.

Witness, ye lowing Herds! who gave him milk;
Witness, ye Flocks! whose woolly vestments far
Exceeds soft India's cotton or her silk;
Witness, with autumn charg'd, the nodding car,
That homeward came beneath sweet evening's star.
Or of September moons the radiance mild:
O hide thy head, abominable War!
Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child:
From heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy glories [vild.

XXVII.

Nor from his deep retirement banish'd was
Th' amusing care of rural Industry:
Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,
New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the eye,
And all th' enliven'd country beautify:
Gay plains extend where marshes slept before;
O'er recent meads th' exulting streamlets fly;

Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' ſtore,
And woods imbrown the ſteep, or wave along the ſhore.

XXVIII.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He poliſh'd Nature with a finer hand:
Yet on her beauties durſt not Art encroach;
'Tis Art's alone theſe beauties to expand.
In graceful dance immingled o'er the land,
Pan, Pales, Flora, and Pomona play'd:
Here, too, briſk gales the rude wild common fann'd,
An happy place; where free, and unafraid,
Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature
[ſtray'd.

XXIX.

But in prime vigour what can laſt for ay?
That ſoul-enfeebling wizard Indolence,
I whilom ſung, wrought in his works decay:
Spread far and wide was his curs'd influence;
Of public virtue much he dull'd the ſenſe,
Even much of private; ate our ſpirit out,
And fed our rank luxurious vices: whence
The land was overlaid with many a lout!
Not, as old Fame reports, wiſe, generous, bold, and
[ſtout.

XXX.

A rage of pleaſure madden'd every breaſt;
Down to the loweſt lees the ferment ran:
To his licentious wiſh each muſt be bleſt,
With joy be fever'd, ſnatch it as he can.
Thus Vice the ſtandard rear'd; her arrier-ban

Corruption call'd, and loud ſhe gave the word,
" Mind, mind yourſelves! why ſhould the vulgar man,
" The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord?
" Enjoy this ſpan of life! 'tis all the gods afford."

XXXI.

The tidings reach'd to where, in quiet hall,
The good old Knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repoſe.
" Come, come, Sir Knight! thy children on thee call:
" Come, ſave us yet, ere ruin round us cloſe!
" The demon Indolence thy toils o'erthrows."
On this the noble colour ſtain'd his cheeks,
Indignant, glowing through the whitening ſnows
Of venerable eld; his eye full-ſpeaks
His ardent ſoul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

XXXII.

I will (he cry'd), ſo help me, God! deſtroy
That villain Archimage.—His page then ſtrait
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,
Benempt Diſpatch. " My ſteed be at the gate;
" My bard attend; quick, bring the net of Fate."
This net was twiſted by the Siſters three,
Which when once caſt o'er harden'd wretch, too late
Repentance comes: replevy cannot be
From the ſtrong iron graſp of vengeful Deſtiny.

XXXIII.

He came, the bard, a little Druid-wight,
Of withered aſpect; but his eye was keen,
With ſweetneſs mix'd. In ruſſet brown bedight,

As is his ſiſter * of the copſes green,
He crept along, unpromiſing of mien.
Groſs he who judges ſo. His ſoul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon' azure ſheen.
True comelineſs, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind: all elſe is vanity and glare.

XXXIV.

Come (quoth the Knight), a voice has reach'd mine ear:
The demon Indolence threats overthrow
To all that to mankind is good and dear:
Come, Philomelus! let us inſtant go,
O'erturn his bowers, and lay his Caſtle low.
Thoſe men, thoſe wretched men! who will be ſlaves,
Muſt drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe!
But ſome there be thy ſong, as from their graves,
Shall raiſe. Thrice happy he! who without rigour ſaves.

XXXV.

Iſſuing forth, the Knight beſtrode his ſteed,
Of ardent bay, and on whoſe front a ſtar
Shone blazing bright; ſprung from the generous breed
That whirl of active day the rapid car,
He pranc'd along, diſdaining gate or bar.
Mean time the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
An honeſt ſober beaſt, that did not mar
His meditations, but full ſoftly trode;
And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode.

* The nightingale.

XXXVI.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliſs;
What elſe ſo fit for man to ſettle well?
And ſtill their long reſearches met in this,
This truth of truths, which nothing can refel;
"From virtue's fount the pureſt joys out-well.
"Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conſcious ſoul;
"While vice pours forth the troubled ſtreams of hell,
"The which, howe'er diſguis'd, at laſt with dole
"Will, thro' the tortur'd breaſt, their fiery torrent [roll.

XXXVII.

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their ſummits [rear:
On the cool height a while our palmers ſtay,
And, ſpite even of themſelves, their ſenſes cheer;
Then to the vizard's wonne their ſteps they ſteer:
Like a green iſle it broad beneath them ſpred,
With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,
And tufted groves to ſhade the meadow-bed,
Sweet airs and ſong; and without hurry, all ſeem'd [glad.

XXXVIII.

"As God ſhall judge me, Knight! we muſt forgive
"(The half enraptur'd Philomelus cry'd)
"The frail good man, deluded, here to live,
"And in theſe groves his muſing fancy hide.
"Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be deny'd
"That virtue ſtill ſome tincture has of vice,
"And vice of virtue. What ſhould then betide,

" But that our charity be not too nice?
" Come, let us thofe we can to real blifs entice."

XXXIX.

" Ay, ficker (quoth the Knight), all flefh is frail,
" To pleafant fin and joyous dalliance bent ;
" But let not brutifh vice of this avail,
" And think to 'fcape deferved punifhment.
" Juftice were cruel, weakly to relent ;
" From Mercy's felf fhe got her facred glaive ;
" Grace be to thofe who can and will repent,
" But penance, long and dreary, to the flave,
" Who muft in floods of fire his grofs foul fpirit lave."

XL.

Thus holding high difcourfe, they came to where
The curfed carle was at his wonted trade,
Still tempting heedlefs men into his fnare,
In witching wife, as I before have faid :
But when he faw, in goodly geer array'd,
The grave majeftic Knight approaching nigh,
And by his fide the bard fo fage and ftaid,
His countenance fell ; yet oft' his anxious eye
Mark'd them, like wily fox who roofted cock doth
[fpy.

XLI.

Nathlefs, with feign'd refpect he bade give back
The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind ;
Struck with the noble twain, they were not flack
His orders to obey, and fall behind.
Then he refum'd his fong, and, unconfin'd,

Pour'd all his music, ran thro' all his ſtrings;
With magic duſt their eyne he tries to blind,
And virtue's tender airs o'er weakneſs flings.
What pity baſe his ſong who ſo divinely ſings!

XLII.

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
They liſten'd ſo intent with fix'd delight;
But they inſtead, as if tranſmew'd to ſtone,
Marvell'd he could with ſuch ſweet art unite
The lights and ſhades of manners, wrong and right.
Mean time the ſilly crowd the charm devour,
Wide preſſing to the gate. Swift, on the Knight
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
Who backning ſhunn'd his touch, for well he knew its [power.

XLIII.

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,
The wary Retiarius * trapp'd his foe,
Even ſo the Knight, returning on him bold,
At once involv'd him in the Net of Woe,
Whereof I mention made not long ago.
Enrag'd at firſt, he ſcorn'd ſo weak a jail,
And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
He ſat him felly down, and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

XLIV.

Alarm'd, th' inferior demons of the place
Rais'd rueful ſhrieks and hideous yells around,

* A gladiator, who made uſe of a net, which he threw over his adverſary.

Black ſtormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing ſound,
As of infernal ſprights in cavern bound;
A ſolemn ſadneſs every creature ſtrook,
And lightnings flaſh'd, and horror rock'd the ground:
Huge crowds on crowds out pour'd with blemiſh'd look,
As if on time's laſt verge this frame of things had [ſhook.

XLV.

Soon as the ſhort-liv'd tempeſt was yſpent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernus' hole,
And huſh'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
Sir Induſtry the firſt calm moment ſtole:
"There muſt (he cry'd), amid ſo vaſt a ſhoal,
"Be ſome who are not tainted at the heart,
"Not poiſon'd quite by this ſame villain's bowl;
"Come then, my Bard! thy heavenly fire impart;
"Touch ſoul with ſoul, till forth the latent ſpirit [ſtart."

XLVI.

The bard obey'd; and taking from his ſide,
Where it in ſeemly ſort depending hung,
His Britiſh harp, its ſpeaking ſtrings he try'd,
The which with ſkilful touch he deftly ſtrung,
Till tinkling in clear ſymphony they rung:
Then as he felt the Muſes come along,
Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,
And play'd a prelude to his riſing ſong;
The whilſt, like midnight mute, ten thouſands round him throng.

XLVII.

Thus, ardent, burſt his ſtrain,—
" Ye hapleſs Race!
" Dire-labouring here to ſmother Reaſon's ray,
" That lights our Maker's image in our face,
" And gives us wide o'er earth unqueſtion'd ſway,
" What is th' ador'd Supreme Perfection, ſay?
" What but eternal never-reſting ſoul,
" Almighty power, and all-directing day,
" By whom each atom ſtirs, the planets roll;
" Who fills, ſurrounds, informs, and agitates the whole.

XLVIII.

" Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold!
" Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence, alone,
" We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
" To ſeraphs burning round th' Almighty's throne,
" Life riſing ſtill on life, in higher tone,
" Perfection forms, and with perfection bliſs.
" In univerſal Nature this clear ſhewn,
" Not needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,
" To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyſs.

XLIX.

" Is not the field, with lively culture green,
" A ſight more joyous then the dead moraſs?
" Do not the ſkies, with active ether clean,
" And fann'd by ſprightly Zephyrs, far ſurpaſs
" The foul November-fogs, and ſlumb'rous maſs,
" With which ſad Nature veils her drooping face?
" Does not the mountain-ſtream, as clear as glaſs,

"Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?
"The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

L.

"It was not by vile loitering in ease,
"That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
"That soft yet ardent Athens learn'd to please,
"To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
"In all supreme! complete in every part!
"It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
"And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:
"For Sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
"Renown is not the child of indolent Repose.

LI.

"Had unambitious mortals minded nought
"But in loose joy their time to wear away,
"Had they alone the lap of Dalliance sought,
"Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
"Rude Nature's state had been our state to-day;
"No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
"No arts had made us opulent and gay;
"With brother-brutes the human race had graz'd;
"None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd been, [none prais'd.

LII.

"Great Homer's song had never fir'd the breast
"To thirst of glory and heroic deeds;
"Sweet Maro's Muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
"Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds:
"The wits of modern time had told their beads,

"And Monkish legends been their only strains;
"Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
"Our Shakspere stroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick
"swains,
"Ne had my master Spenser charm'd his Mulla's
[plains.

LIII.

"Dumb, too, had been the sage historic Muse,
"And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame;
"Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
"Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
"Had all been lost with such as have no name.
"Who then had scorn'd his ease for others' good?
"Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
"Who in the public breach devoted stood,
"And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood?

LIV.

"But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
"If right I read, you pleasure all require;
"Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fee,
"How best enjoyed this Nature's wide desire.
"Toil, and be glad! let Industry inspire
"Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!
"Who does not act is dead; absorpt entire
"In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
"O leaden-hearted Men, to be in love with death!

LV.

"Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
"When drooping health and spirits go amiss?

"How tasteless then whatever can be given?
"Health is the vital principle of bliss,
"And exercise of health. In proof of this,
"Behold the wretch who slugs his life away
"Soon swallow'd in Disease's sad abyss,
"While he whom Toil has brac'd, or manly play,
"Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

LVI.

"O who can speak the vigorous joys of health!
"Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind;
"The morning rises gay with pleasing stealth,
"The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
"In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
"See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
"As May comes on and wakes the balmy wind;
"Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds;
"Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce breeds?

LVII.

"But here, instead, is foster'd every ill,
"Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know.
"Come then, my kindred Spirits! do not spill
"Your talents here. This place is but a show,
"Whose charms delude you to the den of Woe:
"Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
"Where Pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow,
"Sincere as sweet: come, follow this good Knight,
"And you will bless the day that brought him to your sight.

LVIII.

" Some he will lead to courts, and ſome to camps,
" To ſenates ſome, and public ſage debates,
" Where, by the ſolemn gleam of midnight-lamps,
" The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty ſtates;
" To high diſcovery ſome, that new-creates
" The face of earth; ſome to the thriving mart;
" Some to the rural reign and ſofter fates;
" To the ſweet Muſes ſome, who raiſe the heart:
" All glory ſhall be yours, all Nature, and all Art.

LIX.

" There are, I ſee, who liſten to my lay,
" Who wretched ſigh for virtue, but deſpair.
" All may be done (methinks I hear them ſay),
" Even death deſpis'd, by generous actions fair;
" All, but for thoſe who to theſe bowers repair,
" Their every power diſſolv'd in luxury,
" To quit of torpid ſluggiſhneſs the lair,
" And from the powerful arms of Sloth get free,
" 'Tis riſing from the dead—Alas!—it cannot be!

LX.

" Would you then learn to diſſipate the band
" Of theſe huge threat'ning difficulties dire,
" That in the weak man's way like lions ſtand,
" His ſoul appall, and damp his riſing fire?
" Reſolve, reſolve, and to be men aſpire.
" Exert that nobleſt privilege, alone,
" Here to mankind indulg'd; control deſire;

"Let godlike Reafon, from her fovereign throne,
"Speak the commanding word—I Will!—and it is [done.

LXI.

"Heavens! can you then thus wafte, in fhameful wife,
"Your few important days of trial here?
"Heirs of eternity! yborn to rife
"Through endlefs ftates of being, ftill more near
"To blifs approaching, and perfection clear,
"Can you renounce a fortune fo fublime?
"Such glorious hopes, your backward fteps to fteer,
"And roll, with vileft brutes, through mud and flime?
"No! no!——your heaven-touch'd hearts difdain the [fordid crime!"

LXII.

"Enough! enough!" they cry'd.——Strait, from the [crowd,
The better fort on wings of tranfport fly;
As when amid the lifelefs fummits proud
Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid fky
Snows pil'd on fnows in wintry torpor lie,
The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;
Th' awaken'd heaps, in ftreamlets from on high,
Rous'd into action, lively leap away,
Glad-warbling through the vales, in their new being [gay.

LXIII.

Not lefs the life, the vivid joy ferene,
That lighted up thefe new-created men,
Than that which wings th' exulting fpirit clean,
When, juft deliver'd from this flefhly den,
It foaring feeks its native fkies agen;

How light its eſſence! how unclogg'd its powers,
Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!
Even ſo we glad forſook theſe ſinful bowers,
Even ſuch enraptur'd life, ſuch energy was ours.

LXIV.

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,
Dire-mutter'd curſes, and blaſphem'd high Jove.
"Ye ſons of Hate! (they bitterly exclaim'd)
"What brought you to this ſeat of peace and love?
"While with kind Nature, here amid the grove,
"We paſs'd the harmleſs Sabbath of our time,
"What to diſturb it could, fell men, emove
"Your barbarous hearts? is happineſs a crime?
"Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon' heaven ſublime.

LXV.

"Ye impious Wretches!" (quoth the Knight in wrath)
"Your happineſs behold!"—Then ſtrait a wand
He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
Truth from illuſive falſehood to command.
Sudden the landſcape ſinks on every hand;
The pure quick ſtreams are marſhy puddles found;
On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd ſtand,
And o'er the weedy, foul, abhorred ground,
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathſome creature, crawls around.

LXVI.

And here and there, on trees by lightning ſcath'd,
Unhappy weights who loathed life yhung,
Or in freſh gore and recent murder bath'd,

They weltring lay; or elſe, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens ſung
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent rowl'd:
These, by diſtemper'd blood to madneſs ſtung,
Had doom'd themſelves; whence oft,' when night control'd
The world, returning hither their ſad ſpirits howl'd.

LXVII.

Mean time a moving ſcene was open laid;
That lazar-houſe I whilom in my lay
Depainted have, its horrors deep-diſplay'd,
And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
Who toſſing there in ſqualid miſery lay.
Soon as of ſacred light th' unwonted ſmile
Pour'd on theſe living catacombs its ray,
Through the drear caverns ſtretching many a mile,
The ſick up-rais'd their heads, and dropp'd their woes a-while.

LXVIII.

"O Heaven! (they cry'd) and do we once more ſee
"Yon' bleſſed ſun, and this green earth ſo fair?
"Are we from noiſome damps of peſt-houſe free?
"And drink our ſouls the ſweet ethereal air?
"O thou! or Knight or God! who holdeſt there
"That fiend, oh! keep him in eternal chains!
"But what for us, the children of Deſpair,
"Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains?
"Repentance does itſelf but aggravate our pains."

LXIX.

The gentle Knight, who ſaw their rueful caſe,
Let fall adown his ſilver beard ſome tears:
"Certes (quoth he) it is not even in Grace
"T' undo the paſt, and eke your broken years,
"Nathleſs, to nobler worlds Repentance rears,
"With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
"A power the truly contrite heart that cheers;
"She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven;
"She more than merely ſoftens, ſhe rejoices Heaven.

LXX.

"Then patient bear the ſufferings you have earn'd,
"And by theſe ſufferings purify the mind:
"Let wiſdom be by paſt miſconduct learn'd,
"Or pious die, with penitence reſign'd;
"And to a life more happy and refin'd,
"Doubt not, you ſhall, new creatures, yet ariſe.
"Till then, you may expect in me to find
"One who will wipe your ſorrow from your eyes,
"One who will ſooth your pangs, and wing you to [the ſkies."

LXXI.

They ſilent heard, and pour'd their thanks in tears.
"For you (reſum'd the Knight with ſterner tone)
"Whoſe hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon fears,
"That villain's gifts will coſt you many a groan;
"In dolorous manſion long you muſt bemoan
"His fatal charms, and weep your ſtains away;
"Till, ſoft and pure as infant goodneſs grown,

"You feel a perfect change; then who can say
"What grace may yet shine forth in Heaven's eternal day?"

LXXII.

This said, his powerful wand he wav'd anew:
Instant, a glorious angel train descends,
The Charities, to-wit, of rosy hue,
Sweet Love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
And with seraphic flame compassion blends.
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly;
When, lo! a goodly hospital ascends,
In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
That could the sickbed smooth of that sad company.

LXXIII.

It was a worthy edifying sight,
And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,
To see kind hands attending day and night,
With tender ministry, from place to place:
Some prop the head; some, from the pallid face
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak Nature sheds;
Some reach the healing draught; the whilst, to chase
The fear supreme, around their soften'd beds
Some holy man by prayer all opening Heaven dispreds.

LXXIV.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train
Of those he rescu'd had from gaping hell,
Then turn'd the Knight, and to his hall again
Soft-pacing, sought of Peace the mossy cell;

Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
To ſee the helpleſs wretches that remain'd,
There left through delves and deſerts dire to yell;
Amaz'd, their looks with pale diſmay were ſtain'd,
And ſpreading wide their hands they meek repentance
[feign'd.

LXXV.

But, ah! their ſcorned day of grace was paſt;
For (horrible to tell!) a deſert wild
Before them ſtretch'd, bare, comfortleſs, and vaſt,
With gibbets, bones, and carcaſes defil'd.
There nor trim field nor lively culture ſmil'd;
Nor waving ſhade was ſeen, nor fountain fair;
But ſands abrupt on ſands lay looſely pil'd,
Through which they floundering toil'd with painful
[care,
Whilſt Phœbus ſmote them ſore, and fir'd the cloud-
[leſs air.

LXXVI.

Then, varying to a joyleſs land of bogs,
The ſadden'd country a grey waſte appear'd,
Where nought but putrid ſteams and noiſome fogs
For ever hung on drizzly Auſter's beard;
Or elſe the ground by piercing Caurus ſear'd,
Was jagg'd with froſt, or heap'd with glazed ſnow;
Through theſe extremes a ceaſeleſs round they ſteer'd,
By cruel fiends ſtill hurry'd to and fro,
Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-hounds
[moe.

LXXVII.

The firſt was with baſe dunghill rags yclad,
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light;

Of morbid hue his features, ſunk, and ſad;
His hollow eyne ſhook forth a ſickly light;
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
His black rough beard was matted rank and vile;
Direful to ſee! an heart-appalling ſight!
Mean time foul ſcurf and blotches him defile,
And dogs, where'er he went, ſtill barked all the [while.

LXXVIII.

The other was a fell deſpightful fiend;
Hell holds none worſe in baleful bower below;
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour, keen'd;
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe:
With noſe up-turn'd, he always made a ſhow
As if he ſmelt ſome nauſeous ſcent; his eye
Was cold, and keen, like blaſt from Boreal ſnow,
And taunts he caſten forth moſt bitterly.
Such were the twain that oft drove this ungodly fry.

LXXIX.

Even ſo through Brentford town, a town of mud,
An herd of briſly ſwine is prick'd along,
The filthy beaſts, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt, and ſqueak, and ſing their troublous ſong,
And oft' they plunge themſelves the mire among;
But ay the ruthleſs driver goads them on,
And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan:
Ne ever find they reſt from their unreſting ſone.

A POEM

Sacred to the Memory of

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Shall the great soul of Newton quit this earth
To mingle with his stars, and every Muse,
Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight
Of honours due to his illustrious name?
But what can man?—Even now the sons of Light,
In strains high warbled to seraphic lyre,
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.
Yet am not I deterr'd, tho' high the theme,
And sung to harps of angels, for with you,
Ethereal Flames! ambitious, I aspire
In Nature's general symphony to join.
And what new wonders can ye show your guest!
Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil,
Clouded in dust, from Motion's simple laws
Could trace the secret hand of Providence,
Wide-working thro' this universal frame?
Have ye not listen'd while he bound the Suns
And Planets to their spheres! th' unequal task
Of human-kind till then? Oft' had they roll'd
O'er erring man the year, and oft' disgrac'd

The pride of ſchools, before their courſe was known.
Full in its cauſes and effects to him,
All-piercing ſage! who ſat not down and dream'd
Romantic ſchemes, defended by the din
Of ſpecious words and tyranny of names,
But, bidding his amazing Mind attend,
And with heroic Patience years on years
Deep-ſearching, ſaw at laſt the Syſtem dawn,
And ſhine, of all his race, on him alone.
What were his raptures then! how pure! how ſtrong!
And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,
By his diminiſh'd, but the pride of boys
In ſome ſmall fray victorious! when, inſtead
Of ſhatter'd parcels of this earth uſurp'd
By violence unmanly, and ſore deeds
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herſelf
Stood all ſubdu'd by him, and open laid
Her every latent glory to his view.
All intellectual Eye, our ſolar round
Firſt gazing thro', he by the blended power
Of Gravitation and Projection ſaw
The whole in ſilent harmony revolve;
From unaſſiſted viſion hid, the Moons
To cheer remoter planets numerous form'd,
By him in all their mingled tracts were ſeen.
He alſo fix'd our wandering Queen of Night,
Whether ſhe wanes into a ſcanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale ſhadowy light,

In a soft deluge, overflows the sky.
Her every motion clear-discerning, he
Adjusted to the mutual main, and taught
Why now the mighty mass of water swells
Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
And the full river turning, till again
The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves
A yellow waste of idle sands behind.
Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
Thro' the blue infinite, and every star,
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye or astronomic tube,
Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyss;
Or such as farther in successive skies
To Fancy shine alone, at his approach
Blaz'd into suns, the living centre each
Of an harmonious system; all combin'd,
And rul'd unerring by that single power
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.
O unprofuse Magnificence divine!
O Wisdom truly perfect! thus to call
From a few causes such a scheme of things,
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
An universe complete! and, O belov'd
Of Heaven! whose well-purg'd penetrative eye
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scann'd
The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame.
He, first of men, with awful wing pursu'd

The Comet thro' the long elliptic curve,
As round innumerous worlds he wound his way,
Till to the forehead of our evening ſky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
And o'er the trembling nations ſhakes diſmay.
The heavens are all his own, from the wild rule
Of whirling vortices and circling ſpheres
To their firſt great ſimplicity reſtor'd.
The Schools aſtoniſh'd ſtood, but found it vain
To combat ſtill with demonſtration ſtrong,
And, unawakened, dream beneath the blaze
Of Truth. At once their pleaſing viſions fled,
With the gay ſhadows of the morning mix'd,
When Newton roſe, our philoſophic Sun.
Th' aërial flow of Sound was known to him,
From whence it firſt in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touch'd organ takes the meſſage in.
Nor could the darting beam of Speed immenſe
Eſcape his ſwift purſuit and meaſuring eye.
Even Light itſelf, which every thing diſplays,
Shone undiſcover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwiſted all the ſhining robe of day;
And, from the whitening undiſtinguiſh'd blaze
Collecting every ray into his kind,
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of parent-colours. Firſt the flaming Red,
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny Orange next;
And next delicious Yellow; by whoſe ſide

Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing Green:
Then the pure Blue, that swells autumnal skies;
Ethereal play'd; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepened Indico, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost;
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Dy'd in the fainting Violet away.
These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,
Shine out distinct adown the watry bow,
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,
And myriads still remain; infinite source
Of beauty, ever-flushing, ever-new!

Did ever poet image aught so fair,
Dreaming in whispering groves by the hoarse brook!
Or prophet, to whose rapture Heaven descends!
Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds,
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare
How just, how beauteous the refractive law.

The noiseless tide of time, all bearing down
To vast eternity's unbounded sea,
Where the green islands of the happy shine,
He stemm'd alone, and to the source (involv'd
Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, rais'd
His lights at equal distances, to guide
Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.

But who can number up his labours? who

His high diſcoveries ſing? when but a few
Of the deep-ſtudying race can ſtretch their minds
To what he knew? in Fancy's lighter thought,
How ſhall the Muſe then graſp the mighty theme?
What wonder, then, that his devotion ſwell'd
Reſponſive to his knowledge! for could he,
Whoſe piercing mental eye diffuſive ſaw
The finiſh'd univerſity of things
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
Forbear inceſſant to adore that Power
Who fills, ſuſtains, and actuates the whole?
Say, ye who beſt can tell, ye happy few!
Who ſaw him in the ſofteſt lights of life,
All unwith-held, indulging to his friends
The vaſt unborrow'd treaſures of his mind,
Oh, ſpeak the wondrous Man! how mild, how calm,
How greatly humble, how divinely good;
How firm eſtabliſh'd on eternal truth;
Fervent in doing well, with every nerve
Still preſſing on, forgetful of the paſt,
And panting for perfection; far above
Thoſe little cares and viſionary joys
That ſo perplex the fond impaſſion'd heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-truſting man.
And you, ye hopeleſs, gloomy-minded Tribe!
You who, unconſcious of thoſe nobler flights
That reach impatient at immortal life,
Againſt the prime endearing privilege

Of being dare contend, ſay, can a ſoul
Of ſuch extenſive, deep, tremendous powers,
Enlarging ſtill, be but a finer breath
Of ſpirits dancing thro' their tubes a while,
And then for ever loſt in vacant air?
  But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when ſome awful change is come, [full;
Sound thro' the world—"'Tis done—The meaſure's
"And I reſign my charge."—Ye mouldering Stones!
That build the towering pyramid, the proud
Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
By ruthleſs ruin, and whate'er ſupports
The worſhipp'd name of hoar Antiquity,
Down to the duſt! what grandeur can ye boaſt,
While Newton lifts his column to the ſkies,
Beyond the waſte of time. Let no weak drop
Be ſhed for him. The virgin in her bloom
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
Theſe are the tombs that claim the tender tear
And elegiac ſong; but Newton calls
For other notes of gratulation high,
That now he wanders thro' thoſe endleſs worlds
He here ſo well deſcried, and wondering talks,
And hymns their Author with his glad compeers.
  O Britain's boaſt! whether with angels thou
Sitteſt in dread diſcourſe, or fellow-bleſt,
Who joy to ſee the honour of their kind;
Or whether mounted on cherubic wing,

Thy ſwift career is with the whirling orbs,
Comparing things with things, in rapture loſt,
And grateful adoration, for that light
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
From Light himſelf; Oh! look with pity down
On human-kind, a frail, erroneous race!
Exalt the ſpirit of a downward world!
O'er thy dejected Country chief preſide,
And be her Genius called! her ſtudies raiſe,
Correct her manners, and inſpire her youth:
For, though deprav'd and ſunk, ſhe brought thee forth,
And glories in thy name; ſhe points thee out
To all her ſons, and bids them eye thy ſtar;
While in expectance of the ſecond life,
When time ſhall be no more, thy ſacred duſt
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the ſcene.

A POEM

TO THE

MEMORY

Of the Right Honourable the

LORD TALBOT,

LATE CHANCELLOR OF GREAT-BRITAIN.

Addreſſed to his Son.

WHILE, with the public you, my Lord, lament
A friend and father loſt, permit the Muſe,
The Muſe aſſign'd of old a double theme,
To praiſe dead worth and humble living pride,
Whoſe generous taſk begins where int'reſt ends:
Permit her on a Talbot's tomb to lay
This cordial verſe ſincere, by Truth inſpir'd,
Which means not to beſtow, but borrow fame.
Yes, ſhe may ſing his matchleſs virtues now—
Unhappy that ſhe may.—But where begin?
How from the diamond ſingle out each ray,
Where all, tho' trembling with ten thouſand hues,
Effuſe one dazzling undivided light?
  Let the low-minded of theſe narrow days
No more preſume to deem the lofty tale
Of ancient times, in pity to their own,

Romance. In Talbot we united saw
The piercing eye, the quick-enlighten'd soul,
The graceful ease, the flowing tongue of Greece,
Join'd to the virtues and the force of Rome.
Eternal Wisdom, that all-quick'ning sun,
Whence every life, in just proportion, draws
Directing light and actuating flame,
Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams
Awaken'd mortal clay. Hence steady, calm,
Diffusive, deep, and clear, his reason saw,
With instantaneous view, the truth of things;
Chief what to human life and human bliss
Pertains, that noblest science, fit for man;
And hence, responsive to his knowledge, glow'd
His ardent virtue. Ignorance and vice
In consort foul agree, each heightening each,
While virtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.
What grand, what comely, or what tender sense,
What talent, or what virtue, was not his?
What that can render man or great or good,
Give useful worth or amiable grace?
Nor could he brook in studious shade to lie,
In soft retirement, indolently pleas'd
With selfish peace. The Syren of the wise,
(Who steals th' Aonian song, and in the shape
Of Virtue wooes them from a worthless world)
Tho' deep he felt her charms, could never melt
His strenuous spirit, recollected, calm

As ſilent Night, yet active as the day.
The more the bold, the buſtling, and the bad,
Preſs to uſurp the reins of power, the more
Behoves it Virtue, with indignant zeal,
To check their combination. Shall low views
Of ſneaking int'reſt or luxurious vice,
The villain's paſſions, quicken more to toil,
And dart a livelier vigour thro' the ſoul,
Than thoſe that, mingled with our trueſt good,
With preſent honour and immortal fame
Involve the good of all? An empty form,
Is the weak virtue that amid the ſhade
Lamenting lies, with future ſchemes, amus'd,
While Wickedneſs and Folly, kindred powers,
Confound the world. A Talbot's, different far,
Sprung ardent into action, that diſdain'd
To loſe in death-like ſloth one pulſe of life
That might be ſav'd; diſdain'd for coward Eaſe
And her inſipid pleaſures, to reſign
The prize of glory, the keen ſweets of toil,
And thoſe high joys that teach the truly great
To live for others, and for others die.
  Early, behold! he breaks benign on life.
Not breathing more beneficence, the Spring
Leads in her ſwelling train the gentle Airs;
While gay, behind her, ſmiles the kindling waſte
Of ruffian ſtorms and winter's lawleſs rage.
In him Aſtræa, to this dim abode

Of ever-wandering men, return'd again;
To bless them his delight, to bring them back,
From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong,
Into the paths of kind primeval faith,
Of happiness and justice. All his parts,
His virtues all, collected, sought the good
Of human-kind. For that he, fervent, felt
The throb of patriots when they model states;
Anxious for that, nor needful sleep could hold
His still-awaken'd soul; nor friends had charms
To steal, with pleasing guile, one useful hour;
Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.
Thus with unwearied steps, by Virtue led,
He gain'd the summit of that sacred hill
Where, rais'd above black Envy's dark'ning clouds,
Her spotless temple lifts its radiant front.
Be nam'd, victorious Ravagers! no more;
Vanish, ye human Comets! shrink your blaze,
Ye that your glory to your terrors owe,
As o'er the gazing desolated earth
You scatter famine, pestilence, and war!
Vanish before this vernal sun of Fame!
Effulgent sweetness! beaming life and joy.
  How the heart listen'd while he pleading spoke!
While on the enlighten'd mind, with winning art,
His gentle reason so persuasive stole,
That the charm'd hearer thought it was his own.
Ah! when, ye Studious of the laws! again

Shall ſuch enchanting leſſons bleſs your ear?
When ſhall again the darkeſt truths, perplext,
Be ſet in ample day? when ſhall the harſh
And arduous open into ſmiling eaſe?
The ſolid mix with elegant delight?
His was the talent with the pureſt light
At once to pour conviction on the ſoul,
And warm with lawful flame th' impaſſion'd heart.
That dangerous gift with him was ſafely lodg'd
By Heaven. He, ſacred to his country's cauſe,
To trampled Want and Worth, to ſuffering Right,
To the lone Widow's and her Orphan's woes,
Reſerv'd the mighty charm. With equal brow,
Deſpiſing then the ſmiles or frowns of Power,
He all that nobleſt eloquence effus'd,
Which generous paſſion, taught by reaſon, breathes:
Then ſpoke the man, and over barren Art
Prevail'd abundant Nature. Freedom then
His client was, Humanity and Truth.
  Plac'd on the ſeat of juſtice, there he reign'd
In a ſuperior ſphere of cloudleſs day,
A pure intelligence. No tumult there,
No dark emotion, no intemp'rate heat,
No paſſion e'er diſturb'd the clear ſerene
That round him ſpread. A zeal for right alone,
The love of juſtice, like the ſteady ſun,
Its equal ardour lent; and ſometimes rais'd
Againſt the ſons of Violence, of Pride,

And bold Deceit, his indignation gleam'd,
Yet still by sober dignity restrain'd.
As intuition quick, he snatch'd the truth,
Yet with progressive patience, step by step,
Self-diffident, or to the slower kind,
He thro' the maze of falsehood trac'd it on,
Till, at the last, evolv'd, it full appear'd,
And even the loser own'd the just decree.
But when, in senates, he, to freedom firm,
Enlighten'd freedom, plann'd salubrious laws,
His various learning, his wide knowledge, then,
His insight deep into Britannia's weal,
Spontaneous seem'd from simple sense to flow,
And the plain patriot smooth'd the brow of law.
No specious swell, no frothy pomp of words,
Fell on the cheated ear: no study'd maze
Of declamation to perplex the right,
He darkening threw around: safe in itself,
In its own force, all-powerful Reason spoke;
While on the great, the ruling point, at once
He stream'd decisive day, and show'd it vain
To lengthen farther out the clear debate.
Conviction breathes conviction; to the heart,
Pour'd ardent forth in eloquence unbid,
The heart attends; for let the venal try
Their every hard'ning stupifying art,
Truth must prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal,
And Nature, skilful touch'd, is honest still.

Behold him in the councils of his prince.
What faithful light he lends? How rare, in courts,
Such wiſdom! ſuch abilities! and, join'd
To virtue ſo determin'd, public zeal,
And honour of ſuch adamantine proof,
As even Corruption, hopeleſs, and o'er-aw'd,
Durſt not have tempted! Yet of manners mild,
And winning every heart, he knew to pleaſe,
Nobly to pleaſe; while equally he ſcorn'd
Or adulation to receive or give.
Happy the ſtate where wakes a ruling eye
Of ſuch inſpection keen, and general care!
Beneath a guard ſo vigilant, ſo pure,
Toil may reſign his careleſs head to reſt,
And ever-jealous Freedom ſleep in peace.
Ah! loſt untimely! loſt in downward days!
And many a patriot counſel with him loſt!
Counſels that might have humbled Britain's foe,
Her native foe, from eldeſt time by Fate
Appointed, as did once a Talbot's arms.
Let Learning, Arts, let univerſal Worth,
Lament a patron loſt, a friend and judge.
Unlike the ſons of Vanity, that, veil'd
Beneath the patron's proſtituted name,
Dare ſacrifice a worthy man to pride,
And fluſh confuſion o'er an honeſt cheek.
When he conferr'd a grace, it ſeem'd a debt
Which he to merit, to the public, paid,

And to the great all-bounteous Source of good.
His ſympathizing heart itſelf receiv'd
The generous obligation he beſtow'd.
This, this indeed, is patronizing worth.
Their kind protector him the Muſes own,
But ſcorn with noble pride the boaſted aid
Of taſteleſs Vanity's inſulting hand.
The gracious ſtream that cheers the letter'd world,
Is not the noiſy gift of ſummer's noon,
Whoſe ſudden current from the naked root
Waſhes the little ſoil which yet remain'd,
And only more dejects the bluſhing flowers:
No, 'tis the ſoft-deſcending dews at eve,
The ſilent treaſures of the vernal year,
Indulging deep their ſtores the ſtill night long,
Till, with returning morn, the freſhen'd world
Is fragrance all, all beauty, joy, and ſong.
  Still let me view him in the pleaſing light
Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,
And where the plain unguarded ſoul is ſeen.
There, with that trueſt greatneſs he appear'd,
Which thinks not of appearing; kindly veil'd
In the ſoft graces of the friendly ſcene,
Inſpiring ſocial confidence and eaſe:
As free the converſe of the wiſe and good,
As joyous, diſentangling every power,
And breathing mix'd improvement with delight,
As when amid the various-bloſſom'd ſpring,

Or gentle-beaming autumn's penſive ſhade,
The philoſophic mind with Nature talks.
Say ye, his Sons! his dear Remains! with whom
The father laid ſuperfluous ſtate aſide,
Yet rais'd your filial duty thence the more,
With friendſhip rais'd it, with eſteem, with love,
Beyond the ties of blood, oh! ſpeak the joy,
The pure ſerene, the cheerful wiſdom mild,
The virtuous ſpirit, which his vacant hours,
In ſemblance of amuſement, thro' the breaſt
Infus'd. And thou, O Rundle*! lend thy ſtrain,
Thou darling friend! thou brother of his ſoul!
In whom the head and heart their ſtores unite;
Whatever Fancy paints, Invention pours,
Judgment digeſts, the well-tun'd boſom feels,
Truth natural, moral, or divine, has taught,
The Virtues dictate, or the Muſes ſing.
Lend me the plaint which, to the lonely main,
With Memory converſing, you will pour,
As on the pebbled ſhore you, penſive, ſtray,
Where Derry's mountains a bleak creſcent form,
And mid their ample round receive the waves,
That from the frozen Pole reſounding, ruſh,
Impetuous. Tho' from native ſunſhine driven,
Driven from your friends, the ſunſhine of the ſoul,
By ſlanderous Zeal, and politics infirm,
Jealous of worth, yet will you bleſs your lot,

* Dr. Rundle, late Biſhop of Derry in Ireland.

Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate,
Whence Talbot's friendſhip glows to future times,
Intrepid, warm; of kindred tempers born;
Nurs'd, by experience, into ſlow eſteem,
Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,
And the ſweet light from mingled minds diſclos'd,
From mingled chymic oils as burſts the fire.
    , too, remember well that cheerful bowl
Which round his table flow'd. The ſerious there
Mix'd with the ſportive, with the learn'd the plain;
Mirth ſoftened wiſdom, candour temper'd mirth,
And wit its honey lent, without the ſting.
Not ſimple Nature's unaffected ſons,
The blameleſs Indians, round their foreſt-cheer,
In ſunny lawn or ſhady covert ſet,
Hold more unſpotted converſe; nor, of old,
Rome's awful conſuls, her Dictator-ſwains,
As on the product of their Sabine farms
They far'd, with ſtricter virtue fed the ſoul:
Nor yet in Athens, at an Attic meal,
Where Socrates preſided, fairer truth,
More elegant humanity, more grace,
Wit more refin'd, or deeper ſcience, reign'd.
    But far beyond the little vulgar bounds
Of family, or friends, or native land,
By juſt degrees, and with proportion'd flame,
Extended his benevolence; a friend
To human kind, to parent Nature's works.

Of free acceſs, and of engaging grace,
Such as a brother to a brother owes,
He kept an open judging ear for all,
And ſpread an open countenance, where ſmil'd
The fair effulgence of an open heart;
While on the rich, the poor, the high, the low,
With equal ray, his ready goodneſs ſhone:
For nothing human foreign was to him.
Thus to a dread inheritance, my Lord,
And hard to be ſupported, you ſucceed;
But kept by virtue, as by virtue gain'd,
It will, thro' lateſt time, enrich your race,
When groſſer wealth ſhall moulder into duſt,
And with their authors in oblivion ſunk
Vain titles lie, the ſervile badges oft'
Of mean ſubmiſſion, not the meed of worth.
True genuine honour its large patent holds
Of all mankind, thro' every land and age,
Of univerſal Reaſon's various ſons,
And even of God himſelf, ſole perfect Judge!
Yet know theſe nobleſt honours of the mind
On rigid terms deſcend: the high-plac'd heir,
Scann'd by the public eye, that, with keen gaze,
Malignant ſeeks out faults, cannot thro' life,
Amid the nameleſs inſects of a court,
Unheeded ſteal; but, with his ſire compar'd,
He muſt be glorious, or he muſt be ſcorn'd.
This truth to you, who merit well to bear

A name to Britons dear, th' officious Muſe
May ſafely ſing, and ſing without reſerve.
Vain were the plaint, and ignorant the tear,
That ſhould a Talbot mourn. Ourſelves, indeed,
Our country robb'd of her delight and ſtrength,
We may lament: yet let us, grateful, joy
That we ſuch virtues knew, ſuch virtues felt,
And feel them ſtill, teaching our views to riſe
Thro' ever-bright'ning ſcenes of future worlds.
Be dumb, ye worſt of Zealots! ye that, prone
To thoughtleſs duſt, renounce that generous hope,
Whence every joy below its ſpirit draws,
And every pain its balm. A Talbot's light,
A Talbot's virtues, claim another ſource
Than the blind maze of undeſigning blood;
Nor when that vital fountain plays no more,
Can they be quench'd amid the gelid ſtream.
Methinks I ſee his mounting ſpirit, freed
From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,
Its native country, whence, to bleſs mankind,
Eternal Goodneſs on this darkſome ſpot
Had ray'd it down a while. Behold! approv'd
By the tremendous Judge of heaven and earth,
And to th' Almighty Father's preſence join'd,
He takes his rank, in glory and in bliſs,
Amid the human worthies. Glad around
Crowd his compatriot ſhades, and point him out,
With joyful pride, Britannia's blameleſs boaſt.

Ah! who is he that with a fonder eye
Meets thine enraptur'd?—'Tis the best of sons!
The best of friends!—Too soon is realiz'd
That hope which once forbade thy tears to flow!
Mean while the kindred souls of every land
(Howe'er divided in the fretful days
Of prejudice and error), mingled now,
In one selected never-jarring state,
Where God himself their only monarch reigns,
Partake the joy; yet, such the sense that still
Remains of earthly woes, for us below,
And for our loss, they drop a pitying tear.
But cease, presumptuous Muse! nor vainly strive
To quit this cloudy sphere that binds thee down;
'Tis not for mortal hand to trace these scenes,
Scenes that our gross ideas grovelling cast
Behind, and strike our boldest language dumb.
  Forgive, immortal Shade! if aught from earth,
From dust low-warbled, to those groves can rise,
Where flows celestial harmony, forgive
This fond superfluous verse. With deep-felt voice,
On every heart impress'd, thy deeds themselves
Attest thy praise. Thy praise the widows' sighs
And orphans' tears embalm. The good, the bad,
The sons of Justice, and the sons of Strife,
All who or freedom or who interest prize,
A deep-divided nation's parties all
Conspire to swell thy spotless praise to heaven.

Glad heaven receives it, and ſeraphic lyres
With ſongs of triumph thy arrival hail.
How vain this tribute, then! this lowly lay!
Yet nought is vain which gratitude inſpires.
The Muſe, beſides, her duty thus approves
To virtue, to her country, to mankind,
To ruling Nature, that, in glorious charge,
As to her prieſteſs, gives it her, to hymn
Whatever good and excellent ſhe forms.

VERSES

Occasioned by the

DEATH OF MR. AIKMAN,

A particular friend of the Author's.

As those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart,
Till loosen'd life, at last, but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

TO THE REV. MR. MURDOCH,

RECTOR OF STRADDISHALL IN SUFFOLK, 1738.

Thus safely low, my Friend! thou can'st not fall:
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all:
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife;
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.
Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace;

That bids defiance to the ſtorms of fate:
High bliſs is only for a higher ſtate.

EPITAPH ON MISS STANLEY.

Here, Stanley! reſt, eſcap'd this mortal ſtrife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties ſtain,
And ſternly try thee with a year of pain:
No more ſweet Patience, feigning oft' relief,
Lights thy ſick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
With tender art, to ſave her anxious groan,
No more thy boſom preſſes down its own:
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliſs ſincere:
Ours be the lenient, not unpleaſing tear!
  O! born to bloom, then ſink beneath the ſtorm,
To ſhow us Virtue in her faireſt form;
To ſhow us artleſs Reaſon's moral reign,
What boaſtful Science arrogates in vain;
Th' obedient paſſions knowing each their part,
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart!
  Yes, we muſt follow ſoon, will glad obey,
When a few ſuns have roll'd their cares away,
Tir'd with vain life, will cloſe the willing eye;
'Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.
Bleſt be the bark that wafts us to the ſhore
Where death-divided friends ſhall part no more!
To join thee there, here with thy duſt repoſe,
Is all the hope thy hapleſs mother knows.

A PARAPHRASE

ON THE

Latter part of the ſixth chapter of St. Matthew.

When my breaſt labours with oppreſſive care,
And o'er my cheek deſcends the falling tear;
While all my warring paſſions are at ſtrife,
O! let me liſten to the words of Life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.
  Think not, when all your ſcanty ſtores afford
Is ſpread at once upon the ſparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempeſt bears,
What farther ſhall this feeble life ſuſtain,
And what ſhall clothe theſe ſhiv'ring limbs again.
Say, does not life its nouriſhment exceed?
And the fair body its inveſting weed?
  Behold! and look away your low deſpair—
See the light tenants of the barren air;
To them nor ſtores nor granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland and the pleaſing ſong;
Yet your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the leaſt wing that flits along the ſky.
To him they ſing when Spring renews the plain,
To him they cry in Winter's pinching reign,
Nor is their muſic nor their plaint in vain:

He hears the gay and the diſtreſsful call,
And with unſparing bounty fills them all.
 Obſerve the riſing lily's ſnowy grace,
Obſerve the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor ſpin, but careleſs grow,
Yet ſee how warm they bluſh! how bright they glow!
What regal veſtments can with them compare!
What king ſo ſhining! or what queen ſo fair
 If, ceaſeleſs, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,
If, o'er the fields ſuch lucid robes he ſpreads,
Will he not care for you, ye Faithleſs! ſay,
Is he unwiſe? or, are ye leſs than they?

ODES.

ODE.

I.

Tell me, thou Soul of her I love!
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled,
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

II.

Or doſt thou, free, at pleaſure, roam,
And ſometimes ſhare thy lover's woe,
Where, void of thee, his cheerleſs home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

III.

Oh! if thou hover'ſt round my walk,
While under ev'ry well-known tree
I to thy fancy'd ſhadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee;

IV.

Should then the weary eye of Grief,
Beſide ſome ſympathetic ſtream,
In ſlumber find a ſhort relief,
Oh! viſit thou my ſoothing dream.

ODE.

O Nightingale! beſt poet of the grove,
That plaintive ſtrain can ne'er belong to thee,

Bleſt in the full poſſeſſion of thy love:
O lend that ſtrain, ſweet Nightingale! to me.
'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:
I love a maid who all my boſom charms,
Yet loſe my days without this lovely mate;
Inhuman Fortune keeps her from my arms.
You, happy Birds! by Nature's ſimple laws
Lead your ſoft lives, ſuſtain'd by Nature's fare;
You dwell wherever roving Fancy draws,
And love and ſong is all your pleaſing care:
But we, vain ſlaves of intereſt and of pride,
Dare not be bleſt, leſt envious tongues ſhould blame;
And hence, in vain, I languiſh for my bride:
O mourn with me, ſweet Bird! my hapleſs flame.

ODE.

TO SERAPHINA.

The wanton's charms, however bright,
Are like the falſe illuſive light,
Whoſe flattering unauſpicious blaze
To precipices oft' betrays;
But that ſweet ray your beauties dart,
Which clears the mind and cleans the heart,
Is like the ſacred Queen of Night,
Who pours a lovely gentle light
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers bleſt,
Conducting them to peace and reſt.

A vicious love depraves the mind,
'Tis anguiſh, guilt, and folly, join'd;
But Seraphina's eyes diſpenſe
A mild and gracious influence;
Such as in viſions angels ſhed
Around the heav'n-illumin'd head.
To love thee, Seraphina! ſure
Is to be tender, happy, pure;
'Tis from low paſſions to eſcape,
And wooe bright Virtue's faireſt ſhape;
'Tis ecſtaſy with wiſdom join'd,
And heaven infus'd into the mind.

ODE

ON ÆOLUS'S HARP*.

I.

Ethereal Race, inhabitants of Air,
Who hymn your God amid the ſecret grove,
Ye unſeen Beings! to my harp repair,
And raiſe majeſtic ſtrains, or melt in love.

II.

Thoſe tender notes, how kindly they upbraid!
With what ſoft woe they thrill the lover's heart!
Sure from the hand of ſome unhappy maid,
Who dy'd of love, theſe ſweet complainings part.

* Æolus's Harp is a muſical inſtrument, which plays with the wind, invented by Mr. Oſwald; its properties are fully deſcribed in the *Caſtle of Indolence*.

III.

But hark! that ſtrain was of a graver tone,
On the deep ſtrings his hand ſome hermit throws;
Or he the ſacred Bard*, who ſat alone
In the drear waſte, and wept his people's woes.

IV.

Such was the ſong which Zion's children ſung,
When by Euphrates' ſtream they made their plaint;
And to ſuch ſadly ſolemn notes are ſtrung
Angelic harps, to ſooth a dying ſaint.

V.

Methinks I hear the full celeſtial choir
Thro' heaven's high dome their awful anthem raiſe;
Now chanting clear, and now they all conſpire
To ſwell the lofty hymn from praiſe to praiſe.

VI.

Let me, ye wand'ring Spirits of the wind!
Who, as wild Fancy prompts you, touch the ſtring,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
For till you ceaſe my Muſe forgets to ſing.

* Jeremiah.

ODE

IN THE MASK OF ALFRED.

I.

WHEN Britain firſt, at Heaven's command,
Aroſe from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels ſung this ſtrain;
"Rule, Britannia! rule the waves;
"Britons never will be ſlaves."

II.

The nations, not ſo bleſt as thee,
Muſt, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
While thou ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
"Rule," &c.

III.

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More dreadful from each foreign ſtroke:
As the loud blaſt that tears the ſkies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
"Rule," &c.

IV.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame:
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouſe thy generous flame,
But work their woe, and thy renown.
"Rule," &c.

V.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine:
All thine ſhall be the ſubject main,
And every ſhore its circles thine.
"Rule," *&c.*

VI.

The Muſes, ſtill with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſt repair:
Bleſt Iſle! with matchleſs beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
"Rule, Britannia! rule the waves;
"Britons never will be ſlaves."

SONGS.

SONG.

I.

One day the God of fond defire,
On mifchief bent, to Damon faid,
Why not difclofe your tender fire,
Not own it to the lovely maid?

II.

The fhepherd mark'd his treach'rous art,
And, foftly fighing, thus reply'd;
'Tis true, you have fubdu'd my heart,
But fhall not triumph o'er my pride.

III.

The flave in private only bears
Your bondage who his love conceals;
But when his paffion he declares,
You drag him at your chariot-wheels.

SONG.

Hard is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the fympathetic groves,
But to the lonely liftening plain.

Oh! when ſhe bleſſes next your ſhade,
Oh! when her footſteps next are ſeen
In flowery tracts along the mead,
In freſher mazes o'er the green,
Ye gentle Spirits of the vale!
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And ſigh my ſorrows in her ear.
O tell her what ſhe cannot blame,
Tho' fear my tongue muſt ever bind;
Oh! tell her that my virtuous flame
Is as her ſpotleſs ſoul refin'd.
Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaſter tenderneſs his care,
Not purer her own wiſhes riſe,
Not holier her own ſighs in prayer.
But if, at firſt, her virgin fear
Should ſtart at Love's ſuſpected name,
With that of Friendſhip ſooth her ear—
True love and friendſhip are the ſame.

SONG.

I.

Unless with my Amanda bleſt,
In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unleſs to deck her ſweeter breaſt,
In vain I rear the breathing flower:

II.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me fing;
In vain the frefhening fields appear:
Without my love there is no fpring.

SONG.

For ever, Fortune! wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part?
Bid us figh on from day to day,
And wifh, and wifh the foul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?
But bufy, bufy ftill art thou,
To bind the lovelefs joylefs vow,
The heart from pleafure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.
For once, O Fortune! hear my prayer,
And I abfolve thy future care;
All other bleffings I refign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

SONG.

Come, gentle God of foft defire!
Come and poffefs my happy breaft,
Not fury-like in flames and fire,
Or frantic folly's wildnefs dreft;

But come in Friendſhip's angel-guiſe:
Yet dearer thou than friendſhip art,
More tender ſpirit in thy eyes,
More ſweet emotions at the heart.
O come with Goodneſs in thy train,
With Peace and Pleaſure, void of ſtorm,
And wouldſt thou me for ever gain,
Put on Amanda's winning form.

A NUPTIAL SONG.

Intended

To have been inſerted in the fourth act of Sophoniſba.

Come, gentle Venus! and aſſuage
A warring world, a bleeding age;
For Nature lives beneath thy ray,
The wintry tempeſts haſte away,
A lucid calm inveſts the ſea,
Thy native deep is full of thee;
The flowering earth, where'er you fly,
Is all o'er ſpring, all ſun the ſky;
A genial ſpirit warms the breeze;
Unſeen among the blooming trees,
The feather'd lovers tune their throat,
The deſert growls a ſoften'd note;
Glad o'er the meads the cattle bound,
And love and harmony go round.

But chief into the human heart
You ftrike the dear delicious dart;
You teach us pleafing pangs to know,
To languifh in luxurious woe;
To feel the generous paffions rife,
Grow good by gazing, mild by fighs;
Each happy moment to improve,
And fill the perfect year with love,
Come, thou delight of heaven and earth!
To whom all creatures owe their birth;
Oh come, fweet fmiling! tender, come!
And yet prevent our final doom:
For long the furious God of war
Has crufh'd us with his iron car,
Has rag'd along our ruin'd plains,
Has foil'd them with his cruel ftains,
Has funk our youth in endlefs fleep,
And made the widow'd virgin weep.
Now let him feel thy wonted charms;
Oh! take him to thy twining arms!
And, while thy bofom heaves on his,
While deep he prints the humid kifs,
Ah! then his ftormy heart controul,
And figh thyfelf into his foul.

A HYMN

ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL, mildly pleaſing Solitude!
Companion of the wiſe and good,
But from whoſe holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.
  Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And liſten to thy whiſper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the moſt obdurate hearts.
  A thouſand ſhapes you wear with eaſe,
And ſtill in every ſhape you pleaſe.
Now wrapt in ſome myſterious dream,
A lone philoſopher you ſeem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you ſweep the vaulted ſky.
A ſhepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten ſtrain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that ſweet paſſion in your face:
Then, calm'd to friendſhip, you aſſume
The gentle-looking Hartford's bloom,
As, with her Muſidora, ſhe
(Her Muſidora fond of thee)
Amid the long-withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of Morn,
Juſt as the dew-bent roſe is born;
And while meridian fervours beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat:
But chief, when evening ſcenes decay,
And the faint landſcape ſwims away,
Thine is the doubtful ſoft decline,
And that beſt hour of muſing thine.
Deſcending angels bleſs thy train,
The virtues of the ſage and ſwain;
Plain Innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearleſs head:
Religion's beams around thee ſhine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine;
About thee ſports ſweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania ſings to thee.
Oh! let me pierce thy ſecret cell,
And in thy deep receſſes dwell.
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When Meditation has her fill,
I juſt may caſt my careleſs eyes
Where London's ſpiry turrets riſe,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then ſhield me in the woods again.

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